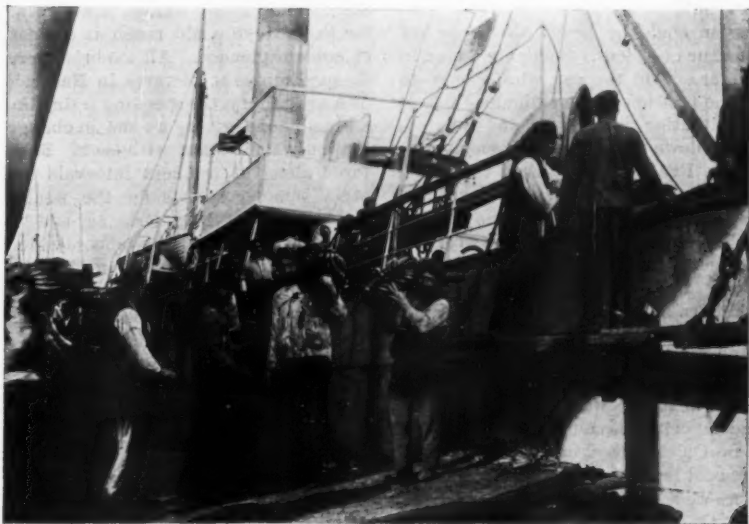


# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

VOLUME IX.

APRIL, 1898.

NUMBER 4.



A BANANA BOAT DISCHARGING ITS CARGO.

## IMPRESSIONS—PHOTOGRAPHIC AND OTHERWISE.

A TRIP TO MOBILE AND FAIRHOPE.

BY E. S. GARDNER.

"**M**ARDI GRAS" was over in New Orleans, and the lingering crowds that had come to see the great Carnival were gradually fading away. The old city had put off her gala attire and was seemingly about ready to take her long summer nap.

As I was strolling along the levee, I heard an old resident of the city say, as he was watching one of the river steamers preparing to go out of service for the season, "Well, Mardi Gras is over, and now we will go to sleep till next fall, when the cotton begins to move again." And so it seemed, for business activity was declining daily. There was nothing attractive in this approaching

dullness, and the impulse seized me to take a run over to Mobile and Fairhope. As luck would have it, there was an excursion to Mobile that very evening, and six o'clock found me aboard the Louisville & Nashville train as it pulled slowly out of the Canal Street depot.

In a few moments we were winding through the suburbs and out across the swampy country beyond. All was well until we had crossed about half of this big swamp, when the train switched on to a siding to wait for another train to pass. Darkness was fast approaching. Our coach was crowded and, it being a very warm evening, the windows had all been raised. As the train came to a

[The entire contents of this number copyrighted by Johnson Brigham, 1898.  
All rights reserved.]

standstill the chatter and outbreaks of laughter from the excursionists began to subside. Each one seemed busily engaged with his own affairs.

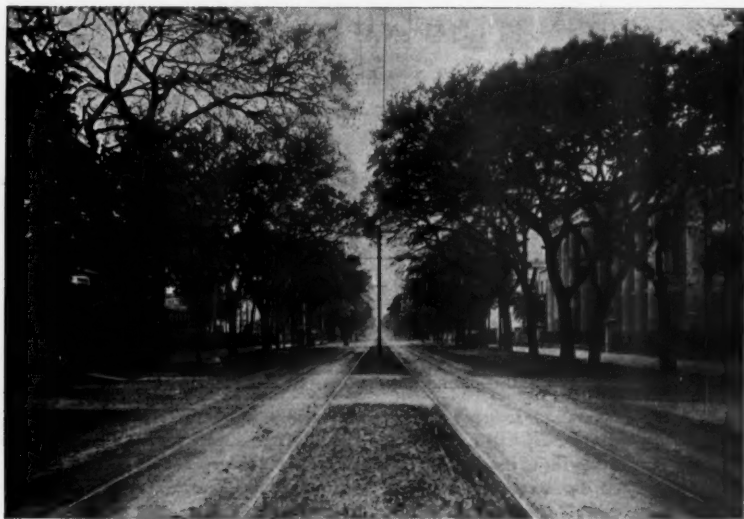
A continuous slap-slap in rapid succession could be heard above the low murmur of voices. Suddenly a man in the far end of the car, who seemed to be the first to see the ridiculous side of our situation, jumped up and shouted, "*Hey, down there, have y'u seen my mosquito? I've lost him!*" And then such a time! Every body laughed, joked and slapped mosquitoes until the passing train enabled ours to move and so create a breeze sufficient to keep the pests away. I had often heard about the Southern mosquitoes, listening with no little incredulity; but after this brief experience I could testify that the half has never been told.

Our next stop was at Bay St. Louis, the favorite resort of the French from New Orleans, seeking recreation and the cool breezes from the Gulf.

As we sped on our way our train frequently crossed broad stretches of water—inlets from the Gulf—the trestles

over which we passed seeming to be a mile in length in some places—and down close to the water. The full moon was rising, and her soft rays, sparkling and dancing in the waves, extended as far as the eye could reach in a sheen of golden splendor. All too brief were these glimpses at pictures in Nature's own art gallery, the speeding train, like a kinetoscope, giving a constant change but only an instant with each. Scattered along at frequent intervals are other summer resorts for the wealth and fashion of New Orleans; and it would be a hard matter to choose which is the most attractive. We made brief stops at Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi and Ocean Springs, reaching Mobile at 10:30 P. M.

The next morning was clear and bright, and I took a stroll down by the river to see when the steamer would leave for Fairhope on the East Shore of the Bay. Walking along the wharf I came upon an interesting scene—a fruit steamer discharging a cargo of bananas—loading them directly into the cars for shipment north.

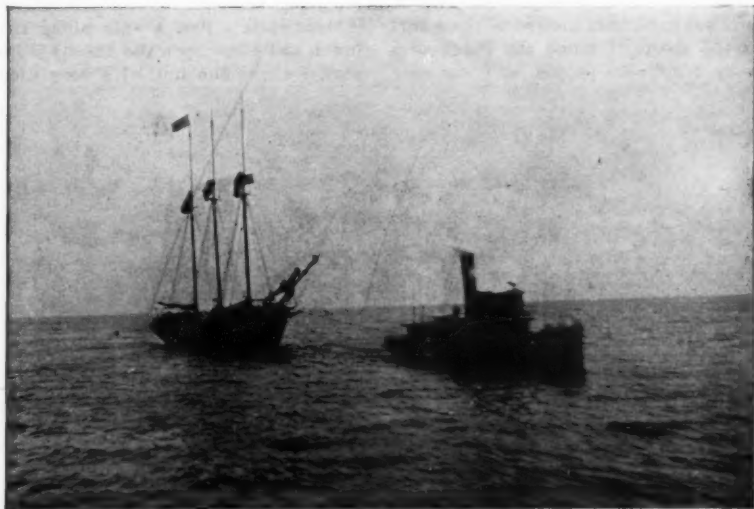


VIEW IN MOBILE—GOVERNMENT STREET, LOOKING WEST.

A great deal of lumber is shipped from this port. North and south, from the foot of Government street, may be seen large ships loading at the mills and lumber yards. Quite a business is also done here in oysters.

The business portion of Mobile has much in common with New Orleans, but is on a much smaller scale. Government street is a broad and beautiful

nearly ready to leave for the east shore. As we passed down the harbor and were entering the bay we met a tug which was towing a large schooner in from the Gulf. There seems to be an irresistible impulse to exchange familiar greetings when one boat passes another, and it was a picture well worth seeing as we passed this schooner. There on the deck stood the old



A NORWEGIAN SCHOONER ENTERING MOBILE HARBOR.

thoroughfare, on which are located the finest residences. No attempts at magnificence are noticeable as in New Orleans, but the houses present a neat and home-like appearance. Great care is bestowed on lawns and flower gardens. These are the homes of the wealthy. But in other portions of the city, as in New Orleans, one may find the opposite in all respects. And the truth of the old saying comes home to the observer that "one-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

I returned to the wharf, where I found the steamer "Jas. A. Carney"

weather-beaten Captain, a Norwegian, his face beaming with pleasure, and his white hair and beard flying to the breeze as he waved and shouted his answering salute. The whole crew seemed to be glad to be in port again. And no wonder, when we think of them out on the ocean for weeks, and, sometimes months, before a landing is made.

In about an hour we had crossed the bay and were near the little town of Daphne. The east shore line is very picturesque. Bluffs rise abruptly from the shore, with here and there a cottage peeping out from among the trees. For those who enjoy a quiet and secluded

retreat, Nature has endowed this region with many attractions.

Our next stop was at Montrose, a few miles further south. These little towns all depend upon the Carney to bring their mail and supplies from Mobile, and the arrival of the steamer seems to be an enjoyable event to those who gather in little groups at the end of the wharf.

Fairhope\* was but a short run from Montrose, and I was soon aboard the little tram-car that carries passengers and baggage from the end of the wharf to the shore. I found the Fairhoppers very hospitable people, and was soon

making preparations to embark on the Colony schooner for "The Oaks," a point near Daphne.

I had planned to use this, the only day I could be there, to secure some pictures of the vicinity. Later in the morning I met a member of the Colony who, seeing my camera, suggested that we take a trip up the shore to "Fly Creek," about a mile and a half distant. It was agreed that we would set out immediately after dinner.

Meanwhile I took a walk along the beach and came upon the Colony shipyard—where the hull of a very nice



THE SHORE OF MOBILE BAY, LOOKING SOUTH FROM FAIRHOPE.

assigned to pleasant quarters in the house of one of the colonists, there being at that time no regular hotel.

The next morning early I found the clearest and brightest dawn that it had been my privilege to see in the South. The air was bracing and the beads of dew on the grass and foliage reflected the sun's rays with myriad sparkles of diamonds.

The young people were to have a picnic that day, and they were already

yacht was about completed. The old ship carpenter was an obliging and pleasant gentleman, and seeing a bit of picturesqueness in the general surroundings, I prevailed upon him to let me photograph his residence and workshop.

The morning soon passed. At the appointed time, we set forth along the beach. The waves were rolling gently on the white sand, and as we walked over the half-buried drift-wood strewn along the shore, we came upon the remains of a schooner, wrecked years before, and now almost buried in the sand.

\*THE MIDLAND of December, 1896, has an interesting illustrated paper, by J. Belangee, on Fairhope and the Single Tax Experiment of the Fairhoppers.



The once heavy iron bands on the prow were almost rusted away. We wondered what the story would be could these beams and rusty bolts relate their history.

About half way to our destination we came upon a lady and gentleman out on their private wharf, passing a pleasant hour at "crabbing." Fishing for hard-shell crabs is a favorite pastime along the southern shores. The outfit necessary is a common string with a piece of meat on the end and a small dip-net with a long handle. When the meat,

From this point we ascended the bluff which rises fifty to eighty feet above the shore. From this elevation there is a splendid view of the bay, and the breeze is constant and refreshing.

A half-mile farther up the bay we stopped again under shade trees in front of a neat little cottage and took a cooling draught from "The old oaken bucket that hung in the well." As we came in sight of Fly Creek, two colored women asked to be taken across in the boat. While my friend was endeavoring to bail out the boat with an old



MOBILE BAY, FROM THE BLUFFS NORTH OF FAIRHOPE.

with string attached, is thrown into the water Mr. Crab lays hold of it with his claws and proceeds to eat. From time to time the string is pulled up gently and if the crab is there he hangs on and comes up with the meat toward the surface of the water; then he is scooped in by the net before he discovers that he has been victimized.

We paused a few moments to exchange greetings. They were indeed a jolly couple. Up on the bluff was their cottage—a model of neatness and thrift. Wealthy, yet unassuming, they have retired to this quiet spot to enjoy life.

tomato can with a hole in the bottom; I ventured the remark that Fly Creek looked as though it might be a good place for alligators. The elder of the two women (who was, by the way, a neat looking old auntie) responded with the following bit of information:

"*Alligatahs*—I should say 'tha' wuz alligatahs in dis crick. In de summah time you kin see 'um layin' in rows 'long de shoah—an' big ones, too. My! I'll nevah fo'git, one Sunday las' summah, a big alligatah came up on de beach in front o' my house, an' me an' my ol' man had such a time a killin'



THE FAIRHOPE SHIPYARD.

'im. Mebbe yo won't b'lieve it, Mistah, but dat alligatah wuz *eighteen-foot long*. My ol' man he shot an' shot 'im, but he was so ol' and *hard* dat it done no good. At las' my ol' man he got de ax an' he chop dat alligatah behind de fo' leg, an' shuah as I live dat alligatah he took dat ax an' he frow it jus' like a man. My! talk 'bout alligatahs—dat wuz a big one shoo 'nuff."

By this time my friend had completed his task. We soon landed our passengers on the opposite shore and were on our way up stream. I thankfully meditated that all those "eighteen-foot long" alligators were still slumbering in the mud waiting for "summah."

The water in Fly Creek, although clear, has a dark brown color, and where it flows into Mobile Bay a distinct dark line marks its course along the shore. A peculiarity of this stream is the irregularity of its bed. In most places it is too shallow for rowing, so we used a long pole to propel the boat. Frequently we would find a deep hole. The "black hole" bottom was out of reach with the pole, and the water seeming literally black. We moved slowly over

the mirror-like surface of the pool—drinking in the beauty of our surroundings. Here we were in the midst of an untamed Southern wilderness of tangled trees, vines, and flowers, How wild—and yet how beautiful! No sound, save the occasional song of a bird or the gentle murmur of the breeze, broke the solemn stillness of the place. At such times a thrill of deepest reverence steals over the soul of the lover of nature who "Holds communion with her visible forms."

"Ah, why  
Should we in the world's ripper years, neglect  
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore  
Only among the crowd, and under roofs  
That our frail hands have raised!"

My friend landed me on a sandy portion of the bank to secure a souvenir of our trip. As I adjusted the camera the thought came as it always comes—Oh, for the power to reproduce these perfect natural colors in the finished picture! In these days of scientific research and progress, this is not a hopeless wish.

Having accomplished our mission, we floated slowly down stream, loth to leave so pleasant a spot. There are picturesque bits all along the half-mile

of water traversed. For those who have an eye to the artistic, it is a continual feast.

Our return to Fairhope was marked by no special incident except a short halt on the bluff to make a "snap" out over the Bay, showing a gorge in the foreground where the bluff has been washed away. When we reached the wharf again we were tired and warm, of course, yet on the whole we felt well paid for our journey to Fly Creek.

As to my impressions of Fairhope other than photographic—I think that, for those who have political ideas strictly in accord with the present residents, and have means to sustain them

for a few years in establishing a home there, the place has many attractions. The climate is mild and healthful. The elevation above the Bay gives those who live in sight of it a beautiful view. The boating, bathing, and fishing facilities are all that could be desired. But the soil is so poor and the population so sparse that the problem of making a living from the start is difficult to solve. This condition applies not only to the Colony of Fairhope, but to the adjacent coast country as well. When capital shall have developed the natural resources—giving employment to residents—then there will be much more to make a home in this region desirable.



THE BLACK HOLE, FLY CREEK, NEAR FAIRHOPE.

## HEROISM.

TO WORK, and wait, with hope deferred,  
And utter no complaining word,  
While others win a laurel crown,  
Unmindful, blind to Fortune's frown.

*Clara Spalding Brown.*



MRS. FAIRBANKS,  
Wife of the Junior Senator from Indiana.

## SOME STATESMEN'S WIVES IN WASHINGTON.

BY JULIETTE M. BABBITT.

A GENUINELY romantic love match was that of Senator Henry C. Hansbrough, of North Dakota, and his lovely young wife. The Senator, who himself wields a ready pen, greatly admired the writings of Miss Mary Berri Chapman before he had seen her, and at first sight fell in love with her. His wooing was an ardent one and they were married in New York last August. Mrs. Hansbrough was born in Washington. Her father, Mr. Charles Chapman, of New Haven, was a remarkably fine musician. From him she inherits one of her many talents. Her mother, Mrs. Etta S. Chapman, a fair-faced, delicate looking woman, has been, for some years, one of the most capable and expert examiners in the patent

office. Mrs. Hansbrough is tall, slender and fair. She is one of the most talented members of the Art Students' League, and her pictures, whether in colors, in black and white, portraits or still life, command good positions and win the admiration of on-lookers. She has written a number of bright stories for prominent magazines and has published a volume of dainty verse, "Lyrics of Love and Nature," charmingly illustrated by herself. She promises to bring out another volume soon, but the demands of society have so far this season left her little time for work of that kind, though she is determined not to give it up. Senator and Mrs. Hansbrough are near neighbors of Secretary Wilson. The house is a pleasant one,

made beautiful inside by the taste and handiwork of its fair mistress.

Decided acquisitions to Washington society are Senator and Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana. Mrs. Fairbanks was born in Marysville, Ohio, where her father, Judge P. B. Cole, was prominent in affairs of the State. She is of medium height, with golden-brown hair and eyes; a bright, cheery smile and pleasant, unaffected manners. Her tastes are literary, and she has written quite a number of clever sketches which have given pleasure to intimate friends but she cannot be persuaded to publish them. She is a prominent member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and belongs to several literary clubs in her State.

Senator and Mrs. Fairbanks have three handsome boys, the eldest about eighteen. Their only daughter, a very pretty girl, married last spring, just after leaving school. The family home, at Indianapolis, is a beautiful one. The winter home, in Washington, is in a handsome house on Massachusetts avenue, which was occupied for several years by Chief Justice Fuller.

Senator and Mrs. William E. Mason, of Illinois, made many friends in Washington when the former was in the lower house. Mrs. Mason was Miss Edith J. White, a daughter of Mr. George White, of Des Moines, where she was educated and was married, her parents having removed to that city from Boston, when she was a small girl. She is a trim, neat, wide-awake little woman with fair hair and complexion and frank, unaffected manners. She is devoted to her family, but does not neglect her many social duties. There



MRS. MASON,  
Wife of the Junior Senator from Illinois.

are seven children. The eldest son is about twenty, and two pretty daughters, just out of school, are enjoying their first season in society. The family is a musical one and full of life and fun. They have a pleasant winter home on Columbia Heights.

The very attractive wife of Senator Pritchard, of North Carolina, was Miss Melissa Bowman, born in Bakersville, North Carolina; her father, a prominent lawyer who has filled many positions of trust in his State. She is of medium height with fair complexion and fair, curly hair. She is well read; is a good talker and takes great interest in all public questions in which her husband is interested. While by no means scorning the "giddy round of society," she is chiefly devoted to her family and home. She has seven children, the only daughter still at school; the youngest son, a cunning little fellow, three or four years old, is named

for President McKinley, whom Senator Pritchard has long admired. Their home, at Marshall, in the lovely "Land of the Sky," is a beautiful one. In Washington, their winter home overlooks Thomas Circle and its statue.

The popular wife of the popular and powerful Speaker of the House, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, was Miss Susan Mer-

have been printed, from time to time, that I am glad to be able to offer *THE MIDLAND* a good portrait taken not long ago. Speaker and Mrs. Reed live at the Shoreham when in Washington, where Mrs. Reed holds large receptions on Wednesdays during the season, having a charming assistant in her only child, Miss Kittie, a fair, decidedly



MRS. PRITCHARD,  
Wife of the Junior Senator from South Carolina.

rill, a daughter of a prominent Congregational clergyman, of Portland, Maine, where she was born, reared and married, and where her home is still for the short time Congress allows her to be at home. She is a plump little woman with fair complexion, light brown hair and merry hazel-brown eyes. Such poor pictures of Mrs. Reed

clever young lady who is a great social favorite.

The charming wife of Senator George Turner, of the new State of Washington, who took his seat last spring, was Miss Bertha Dreker, of Montgomery, Ala. Her family was a prominent one and she received every educational advantage, graduating with honor from



the convent of the Sisters of The South. She married soon after her graduation, and a few years later went to Washington Territory with her husband, who was appointed Territorial Judge by President Arthur. Spokane, now a beautiful city, was then a small village, and she feels that she has quite grown

Capital. She is tall, well formed and very fair, with light curly hair and blue-gray eyes which look black by gaslight. Her manner is very pleasing and she talks well. The Washington home of Senator and Mrs. Turner is at the Portland.

It was not "just to please his wife"—



MRS. REED,  
Wife of the Speaker of the House.

up with the place. Her home, a superb Queen Anne mansion, overlooking the city, is in the midst of large, well laid out grounds, the rose garden being particularly beautiful. Mrs. Turner is an enthusiastic worker for charity, and her home, with its art treasures, is often thrown open for some good object. Socially, she has won many friends at the

as has been said of several men who have come to Congress—that Hon. Joseph L. Rawlins, of Utah, consented to become Senator from his State, for few women ever cared less for Washington's social whirl than she when her husband's duties as delegate kept her here several seasons ago. She longed all the time for her beautiful home in Salt

Lake City, which commands a magnificent view of the city, the mountains which half encircle it, and the great lake sparkling in the distance, and she declared that nothing would tempt her

small child. She is a black-haired, brown-eyed little woman, very charming to those who have penetrated her armor of shyness. She has five children; the eldest, a pretty girl



MRS. TURNER,  
Wife of Senator George Turner, of Washington.

to leave it again. Being a devoted wife she is in Washington again, and may learn to like it as the vast majority of women do. Mrs. Rawlins was Miss Julia A. Davis, born in Wales and taken to Utah, by her parents, when a

about seventeen, still in school; the youngest, a boy of five years. In their pleasant apartments at the Portland, Senator and Mrs. Rawlins have with them, Mrs. Rawlins' mother, Mrs. Davis.



MRS. RAWLINS.

Wife of the Senator and former Delegate from Utah.

### THE BLIND ARCHER.

BEAUTIES, guess ye where he bides?  
In some flowery hedge he hides,  
Folding close each filmy van;  
From his mother's side he ran,  
Wanton, wilful, naked, blind,  
If the boy ye chance to find,  
Fly the spot or yet his dart  
Quivers in your stricken heart.

Evermore he bends his ear,  
Listening for a footstep near,  
Lurking till some hapless maid  
Nigh his rosy lair hath strayed;  
To the cord a winged shaft  
Sets he then with cruel craft;  
Hark ye! sightless though he is,  
Rarely doth this archer miss.

*James B. Kenyon.*



From a painting by H. W. Mesdag.

ZONSONDERGANG.

## ISRAELS AND THE DUTCH PAINTERS.

BY MARY A. KIRKUP.

SOMEONE has said, to make a true estimate of any man's character one should begin with his grandfather. To understand modern Dutch art it is necessary to remember its pedigree, its remarkable inheritance. Unlike Italian art, which seems to have exhausted its genius in one perfect era of production, the Holland painters of the Nineteenth century are true descendants of the great men of the Sixteenth. They are not copyists or imitators, but all that can be communicated from the genius of the elder artists has been so completely assimilated by the Dutch painters, has been so taken into their artistic fiber, that truth to nature, breadth and variety in the interpretation of that truth, deep sympathy with common life, the joys and sorrows of common folk, are as surely the dis-

tinguishing marks of the school which names Israels as its head, as they were of Rembrandt and his contemporaries in their time.

To mention modern Dutch art is to bring into immediate prominence the name of Josef Israels. Born at Groningen, on the 27th of January, 1824, calling himself a pupil of Jan Adam Kruseman (a man whose greatest fame is to be written teacher to such a learner), Israels' work has stood for the past twenty-five years as the highest expression of the art of Holland, as also of the art of the Nineteenth century. True art touches and moves the hearts of all men. Whatever its nationality, wherever it finds a soul capable of understanding that most subtle of languages, to that soul it speaks.

It is extremely interesting and instructive to compare the earlier work of such an artist, before he has found

\*Awarded the Descriptive Paper Prize in THE MIDLAND'S JANUARY COMPETITION.

From a painting by Josef Israels.

BEULÉ AU MONDE.



himself, and by so doing found greatness, with his finest and latest productions,—for Israels fails not yet, although he has passed the seventieth mile-stone by three years. In the Stedelijk museum of modern painting at Amsterdam are two of those early works, the "Children of the Sea" and "The Good Brother." There is the same love for homely subjects but the treatment is mannered

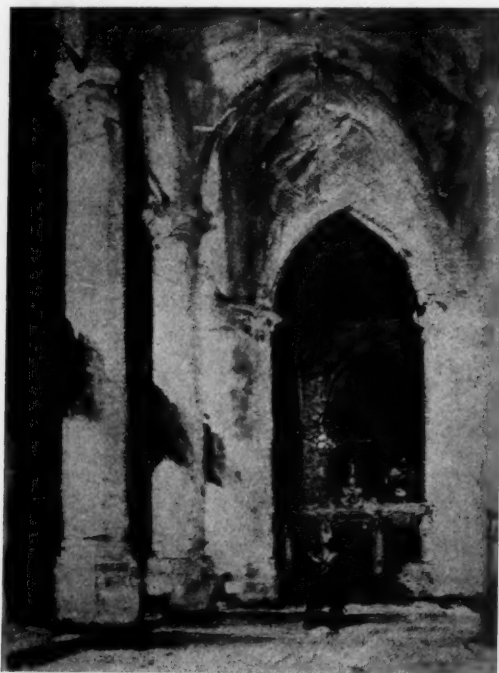
without method, that strong feeling and utter absence of pose in the artist, which marks his later work, such as "Alone in the World," and the "Woman at the Window."

A contemporary of Israels, though seven years his elder, was Johannis Bosboom. This painter especially loved warm, rich Spanish effects, such as church interiors. Great breadth of

treatment is combined with a radiance of color, which is not found in any other Dutch artist of this century. He also painted the peasant life, but not with the insight and tenderness which has been so marked a feature in the work of several other artists of his time. The pictorial beauty of Dutch life was what most strongly touched Bosboom. The old barns, with huge beams, where are stored the yellow-brown flax, the rich-hued garden and kitchen utensils, the blue blouses and wooden shoes of the workers, the white caps and golden head ornaments of the women, all appeal to the artist and tempt him to be content to picture the outside only, rather than through this to reveal the quiet, somber life of the people.

One who shares with Israels the honor of making the world feel for and

work with his poor is Albert Neuheys, born at Ultrick in 1844. It is the happy side he loves best. Now it is a homely interior, when a father just from the fields and smelling of the soil, is holding his little daughter in his lap to show her a rosy-cheeked apple, while the good "hausvrouw" looks complacently on. Next it may be a sweet young woman placidly sewing while a



From a painting by J. Bosboom.

GROOTE KIRK TE'S, GRAVEHAGE.

and sentimental, the color reminding one of the pink wax school of some English academicians. The drawing is strong and good, the pictures are much more pleasing as reproductions in black and white than in colors. But who could have seen in these pretty pictures, full of the self-consciousness of the student, the promise of that massive technique which appears almost



tiny girl stands intently watching, learning to be the neat housekeeper that she must be, if she would receive honor in Holland. Again, we see a rustic lover leaning in at a window and speaking the universal language to a shy maiden in whose smiling eyes there is still that shade of pensiveness one sees on even the loveliest faces in that brave little land. Common subjects all, but treated in so masterly a way that they hold and keep our sympathies as perhaps the actual subject could not, for it is the gift of the artist to so paint the things of life which we call common, that we may catch glimpses of the greatness beneath all life, even the most ordinary.

Dividing equal honors are the brothers William and Jacob Maris — William, the painter of Dutch cattle, Jacob of Holland's landscape. All the silvery gray charm, the sense of being a bit of earth between sea and sky, is most faithfully rendered by the latter; while in the former lovers



From a painting by Jozef Israëls.

CEN ZOOM VAN BET OUDE VOLK.

of "lowing kine and fragrant breathed calves" will find a satisfaction given by few painters of animals.

Mauve's sheep are well known in all



From a painting by Anton Mauve.

SCHAPEN IN DE DUINEN.

our galleries. Though sometimes in gazing on his silvery willows, his charming landscape, we almost wish that the sheep had been allowed to remain behind the willow hedge and out of sight, yet the perfection of his rendering of this favorite subject makes up for the almost constant repetition.

Another great old man is Paul Joseph Gabriel. He is a painter of the landscape of his beloved Holland, that country so hardly won from the enemy within and without,—so quaint, so beautiful, so pensive.

Perhaps the most widely known on

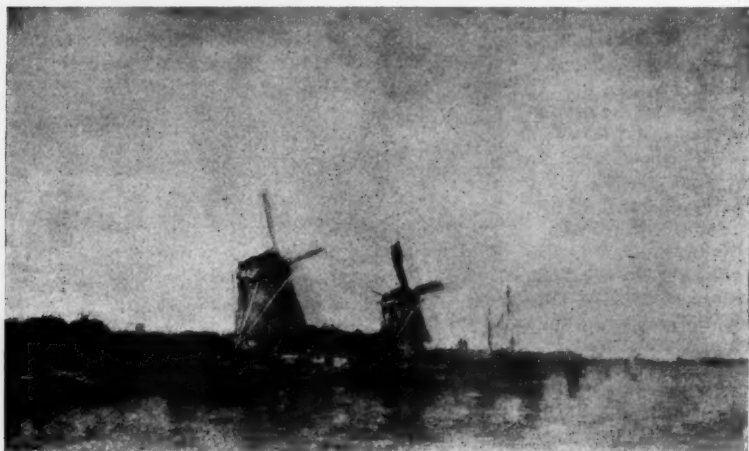
of this century is not surpassed in any private gallery in Europe. He receives in person and follows his visitors from room to room, evidently pleased at their delight. Some of the finest Courbets in existence hang on his walls.

I stood before a study of apples by this master when Mr. Mesday approached me. He has a rough, peculiar voice and a limited vocabulary in English.

"You paint?"

"A little," I stammered, "flowers and sometimes fruit."

"Well, paint like dat," and a slight



From a painting by Jacob Maris.

DE TWEE MOLENS.

this side of the water, is N. W. Mesday, a painter of the sea, golden in sunset, green in noonday splendor, gray and subtle in mist and mystery. Mesday is sixty-five, but a man of great strength and fine physique. He was a pupil of Alma Tadema, but on finding his specialty, he has never swerved from its interpretation. He comes from a family of rich bankers. He did not study to be an artist until he was a man of mature years. He has a beautiful home at The Hague which is open every Sunday to all the world who will present a card. His collection of the paintings

smile curled the corners of his heavy moustache.

One rainy day at The Hague, I had the pleasure of being received by Josef Israels. I was with a small company of American friends, headed by a young artist who is now making his name prominent in New York art circles. We arrived on time, and as our cab drew up before the door a gray head vanished from a front window. Hardly had the first comers removed their wraps and disposed of umbrellas when a bright voice was heard at the door of the salon cordially welcoming

us. We stood in the presence of a small man with sparkling eyes and the manner and step of a boy. When seated he appears older than when standing or moving about. He began conversation at once, putting us all at ease by his gracious smile. He spoke in good English. After a few general remarks on the Paris Salon, he asked Mr. R— what he thought of his (Israels') picture. "The Woman at the Window," Israels added. "I thought I had done a good thing, but the critics have been very divided as to its merits, some lauding it to the skies, others tearing it to pieces."

Mr. R— could say from his heart "I consider it by far the finest picture of this salon."

The old artist looked his delight at these enthusiastic words, and his face glowed as he sprang up quickly, saying, "You would like to see my studio?"

His house is not so magnificent as Mesday's, but one has in it that feeling of comfort and extreme cleanliness which characterizes all Dutch homes. We passed through a long hall hung with sketches and studies, strong, rich, or subtle in color, and full of atmosphere. In many of these the paint would be so loaded upon the canvas that the figures appeared built up in the pigment,—hundreds of such, any one a most desirable possession, so it seemed to the enraptured students who followed with faces reflecting the welcome of their host.

We entered a large room containing fine old tapestries. A grate with the family photographs on the mantel, a writing desk, a plain round table covered with coarse ware,

such as the peasants use, and some large easels completed the furnishing.

In one corner behind a screen was arranged a typical Dutch interior of the poorest people. "One should paint by heart, but from the life," he said.

A closet hung with many costumes from different parts of the country showed how much of a realist Israels is, though ever impressing us with his possession of the higher faculty, the ideal.

A portfolio of etchings was greeted with exclamations of delight. One asked eagerly, "O, where can we get these?"

"I never sell them; I make them to give to my friends."

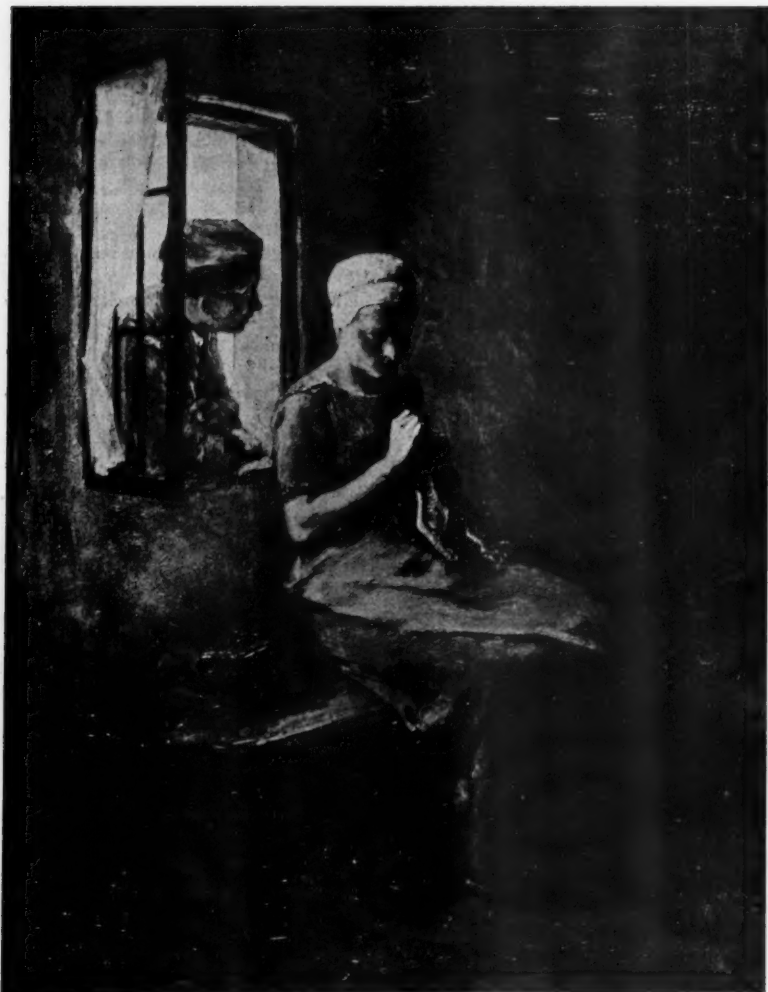
"Fortunate friends," we murmur, whereupon he hands an etching to Mr. R—. Then, presenting another to Madame, he turns to the others saying, "You may each choose one."

Overcome with delight we gladly take



From a painting by Jozef Israels.

KINDEREN DER ZEE.



From a painting by Albert Neuheys.

LA GALANTERIE.

the first offered and each thought hers prettiest and best. Then follows an hour of talk, so absorbing that it seems but a few moments.

He saw me intently studying his palette which was remarkably clean. "Yes, that is my palette always."

I give the list for the benefit of those specially interested: Yellow ochre, light red, brown ochre, Naples yellow, dark madder lake, burnt sienna, cobalt blue and black, sometimes a little cadmium

He spoke of the appreciation he had received in England so different from his reception in Paris, where admiration was rather compelled than accorded gladly.

Several times we endeavored to make our adieux, but his cordial manner and the constant stream of bright talk kept us. Finally, as we descended the studio steps, Mrs. R— said: "I just will ask him to sign these etchings."

"Why, certainly. I wondered why



From a painting by Willem Maris.

ZOMERWEELDE.

or chrome and sometimes a bit of Prussian blue.

"But you must look out for Prussian blue; it is a devilish color," he laughingly added, as he mixed some tones for us, talking most delightfully all the time. He spoke of Daubigny and Corot; to his mind Daubigny was the greater landscape painter because he needed no figures to make his motives interesting, while Corot always added them, and Corot's painting would not be so charming without these figures.

that request was not forthcoming at once," the artist responded, with an amused smile.

Another half hour had passed before we could tear ourselves away.

This white-haired man has the simplicity of greatness, and true greatness is always simple and sincere; it may sometimes be exclusive and seemingly arrogant to the unknown, curious world; but to the chosen circle of friends, and students,—to any who are "admitted" it is always the same—child-like and

simpler, as they must be who would enter into the kingdoms of God.

American art has especially felt the influence of Israel's and the Dutch painters during the past ten years; before it was Parisian ideas which dominated our young art. This spirit is dangerous; its motto is "Art for art's sake." The rendering of any subject, however coarse and revolting, if it is only well rendered—technically excellent—they will quote you two or three of the old Dutch masters who seemed to paint in this spirit. Our later men,

not always the young men, have gone back to the great Frenchman, the Barbizon school, whose spirit is identical with that of the greatest Dutchmen, ancient and modern,—the spirit which says: Art is the rendering of beauty in nature, however lowly, so that it appeals to the highest in man. Our artists are now painting with a sincerity, a simple directness of method, a forgetfulness of self, which, added to years of technical study, the foundation of all excellence in execution, is producing great artists, where before we had only clever painters.



From a painting by J. Bosboom.

GELDERSCHE DEEL.

## SELF-DENIAL.

“FOOLS rush in where angels dare not tread.”

These words as sad as those that Dante read  
Above the gateway of eternal doom—  
I see, and turn away. Full well I know,  
The sentence, self-pronounced me, will be, “Go,  
And for the less presumptuous make you room.”

*Alonzo Leora Rice.*



## THE WAY OF THE PALMS



*Allelujah! Allelujah!  
Glory to our Lord  
the king!  
Shout ye hills and  
vales of Juda—  
Youths and maid-  
ens sing!  
Strike the lyre and  
shout Hozanna!  
Christ is come to-  
day.  
To the Lord of Light  
and Glory  
Holy homage pay.  
Through the ringing  
Hallelujahs  
Thrills an under-  
tone,  
"Crucify him!"  
"Crucify him!"  
Wild the night  
winds moan—*

*Allelujah! Saint  
and Savior!*

*To his own our King returns.  
France is free, with fire of gladness  
Faithful bosom burns.  
Honor to the spotless maiden!  
How they praise and bless!  
Lowly bowing down before her,  
Lips her armor press.*

*Ah, the pearly flesh so holy!  
Ah, the cruel flame!  
France hath crowned thy head with ashes;  
Thine a deathless name!*



*Hail to thee, O hardy Pilot!  
Safe the ship of state at last.  
Drop the anchor, furl the rigging,  
Dangers all are past.  
To our great and glorious leader  
Highest honors be;  
Ended now the strife so cruel,  
Glad hearts turn to thee.  
Lo! the form of the assassin  
Glides across the floor;  
E'er the morning dawns in sorrow,  
Martyr evermore!*

*Of the world's applause and glory,  
Wouldst thou, youth, drink deep and long,  
Hearing midst the swinging palm boughs  
Oft thy name in song?  
Loud may ring the sharp Hozannas;  
Crowns of thorns for thee.  
Bear within thy heart the shadow  
Of dark Calvary.  
Let the flaming court of honor  
Keep thy spirit low,  
For the way of deathless glory  
Is the way of woe!*

*Mary A. Kirkup.*

## Much Talked About People.

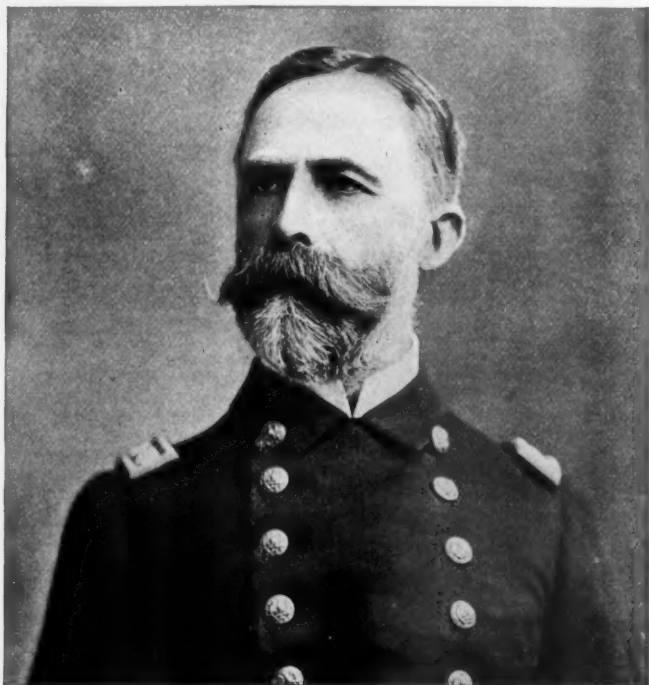
### CAPTAIN SAMPSON,

PRESIDENT OF THE MAINE COURT OF INQUIRY.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM THOMPSON SAMPSON, president of the court of inquiry, upon which has been put the great responsibility of determining the cause of the Maine disaster, is the man of the hour. Upon the finding of the court over which he presides depend the gravest consequences, seriously affecting the future of this Western Continent—and the Old World as well. That Captain Sampson is equal to the

emergency none who know the man can seriously question. Possessed of a judicial mind, not swayed by clamor nor by resentment; calm, firm, keenly intelligent, trained to the highest limit of training in naval warfare, whose judgment can we trust if not his?

Captain Sampson graduated from Annapolis in 1860 and entered service on the frigate Potomac. A year later, he was made master; in another year,



CAPTAIN SAMPSON, U. S. N.

lieutenant. After a year's service on the practice ship John Adams, he joined the South Atlantic squadron as lieutenant on the ironclad Patapsco. When the Patapsco was destroyed in Charleston Harbor, in January, 1865, he escaped without serious injury. After the war he was made lieutenant commander and served on the flagship Colorado. He was transferred to the naval academy in 1867, and remained at Annapolis three years. He was next assigned to the Congress, and served most of the time aboard until 1874, when he was commissioned as commander, and placed in command of the Alert. In 1875 he was placed in command of the Swatara. His later career includes service again at Annapolis, at the observatory, at the Torpedo Station and in the Ordnance Bureau at Washington, of which he was chief. From the Bureau he recently went into active

service again, as captain of the Sea-going Battleship No. 1, christened the Iowa. From Minna Irving's paper entitled "The Queen of the Navy," in the August MIDLAND MONTHLY, we quote this gratifying tribute to the now world-famous captain of the Iowa, whose official utterances Spain and the United States, and "all the rest of mankind" await with intensest interest:

"In the days of Admiral Farragut, and of the immortal Lawrence, it was to personal bravery that a naval officer must look for promotion, but in these 'piping times of peace' it is brain that wins the laurel. People at Annapolis, where Captain Sampson was for many years Superintendent of the Naval Academy, remember the Captain as a student, a grave and thoughtful man, the type you would instinctively trust in time of danger, clear-headed and cool, foreseeing emergencies, and fully prepared to meet them."

## THE LATE COLONEL HATRY.

READERS of this magazine will recall the several interesting contributions of Colonel A. G. Hatry, notably his account of the Battle of Chickamauga, published in September, 1895, and his description of the Battle of Franklin, in September, 1896. The Colonel died recently at his home, Pittsburg, Pa., aged 57 years. Early in the war the deceased was an officer in the 18th Kentucky Infantry, and later he commanded the 183d Ohio Infan-



COLONEL A. G. HATRY.

try. He was under General Thomas in the Battle of Chickamauga, his position being at the front of the arc of defense. He also performed a prominent part in the Battle of Franklin. His health was seriously impaired by the hardships of the war, and for a number of years he had not been at his best physically, but his friends did not dream the end was so near.

Colonel Hatry was a brave soldier, a public-spirited citizen, and a warm-hearted friend.



### FRANCES E. WILLARD

Born near Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1839. Died in New York City, Feb. 18, 1898.

**N**O WOMAN living in America to-day would be as widely and sincerely mourned in death as is the late President of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union. For more than a quarter-century this soulfully

strong woman, with all her mistakes, has held her place at the head of the greatest organization of women in the world. More than that, she has done more than all the rest to make that organization great and to extend its influence to the uttermost parts of the earth. The supreme test of her strength was her ability to keep the W. C. T. U. organization together after her seemingly fatal mistake in committing it to partisan action in national politics. That course lost to the W. C. T. U.

many of its ablest, bravest and best supporters, and for a time it seemed inevitable that it must recede or die. It did neither. But experience and a wider range of observation taught President Willard that there could be no immediate success through alliance with a national prohibition party, and latterly the tie that holds the National W. C. T. U. to the National Prohibition party has been a very loose one. The Union has found other avenues of usefulness, promising more immediate results.



## IF I HAD KNOWN.

[ F I had known that mine own hand  
 Would shut the gate of Love's fair land!  
 I did but think to look around, out there,  
 At other things the world holds good and fair;  
 But when I would re-enter, then, behold!  
 All barred and bolted was the gate of gold;  
 Where evermore on high did stand  
 The sentry with the flaming hand,  
 Waving me backward to the desert old.

I did not mean to slight Love's smile,  
 But thought the lad would wait awhile.  
 I only tarried for a little space,  
 Until I gained a name, and fame, and place,  
 A little wealth, to lighten Love's delight,  
 A little wit, to guide the boy aright;  
 But found, too soon, that Love had flown,  
 And left a warm heart turned to stone,  
 That missed the one sweet thing that makes life bright.

*D. Milton Riley.*

# GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)  
(Begun in the October, 1886, MIDLAND MONTHLY.)

## BOOK III.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### ANOMALOUS CONDITIONS IN THE WESTERN DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL FRÉMONT had held Grant in check with a firm and imperious hand. While the Government at Washington was taking cautious steps to remove Frémont and install his successor, and restraint was somewhat slack for a few days, Grant took advantage of the conditions to strike the blow at Belmont.

General Frémont had administered the affairs of the Western Department very much as if he were President. He made contracts, appointed and commissioned officers without much reference to the authorities at Washington; and President Lincoln, General Scott, and the War Department became greatly alarmed. Frémont was appointed to the command July 3, 1861, assumed command July 25th, and on October 1st he sent Hon. John A. Gurley to Washington to urge the President to send funds. In the written application Mr. Gurley says:

"To the question, 'how much money shall I ask for in Washington?' Colonel Woods answered, 'twelve million dollars.'"

Colonel Woods was Quartermaster under Frémont.

The cliques and clans by which Frémont was soon surrounded, and the political cabals in which he allowed himself to become involved soon wrought his ruin. The Blairs, who had been his

most zealous adherents, lost confidence in his ability and his management, and they were not noted in those days for their reticence. The President's nights were made sleepless with the burden of complaints. In his own forceful way Mr. Lincoln spoke thus of his troubles:

I thought well of Frémont. Even now I think well of his impulses. I only think he is the prey of wicked and designing men, and I think he has absolutely no military capacity. . . . At last, at my suggestion, Montgomery Blair went to Missouri to look, and talk, over matters. He went as a friend of Frémont. He passed, on the way, Mrs. Frémont coming to see me. She sought an audience with me at midnight, and tasked me so violently with many things that I had to exercise all the awkward tact I have to avoid quarreling with her. She surprised me by asking why their enemy, Montgomery Blair, had been sent to Missouri. She more than once intimated that if General Frémont should decide to try conclusions with me, he could set up for himself.\*

So violent had become the complaints to the War Department as to the chaotic conditions existing at St. Louis, that Mr. Lincoln directed General Scott to issue the following order:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,  
WASHINGTON, October 24, 1861.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 18: Major-General Frémont, of the United States Army, the present Commander of the Western Department of the same, will, on receipt of this order, call Major General Hunter, of the United States Volunteers, to relieve him temporarily in that command, when he (Major-General Frémont) will report to General Headquarters, by letter, for further orders.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

By command:

E. D. TOWNSEND,  
Assistant Adjutant-General.

The President, Generals Scott and McClellan (the latter now Commander-in-chief), became so much alarmed that

\*Nicolay and Hay: Life of Lincoln.



the following order was sent by telegraph:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, }  
November 6, 1861.

BRIG.-GEN. S. R. CURTIS: The General-in-Chief directs that you take at once the control of affairs in and around Saint Louis. Look to the safety of the Arsenal. Take charge of the telegraph station. Act promptly under these orders till you receive orders from General Hunter. Report frequently.

E. D. TOWNSEND,  
Assistant Adjutant-General.

So anomalous were the conditions in General Frémont's Department that the President and War Department had fears there might be trouble in removing him. This fear caused them to use caution in framing the order and making it read that General Hunter would "relieve him temporarily," which expression, it was supposed, would somewhat soften the tone of the mandate to the retiring General.

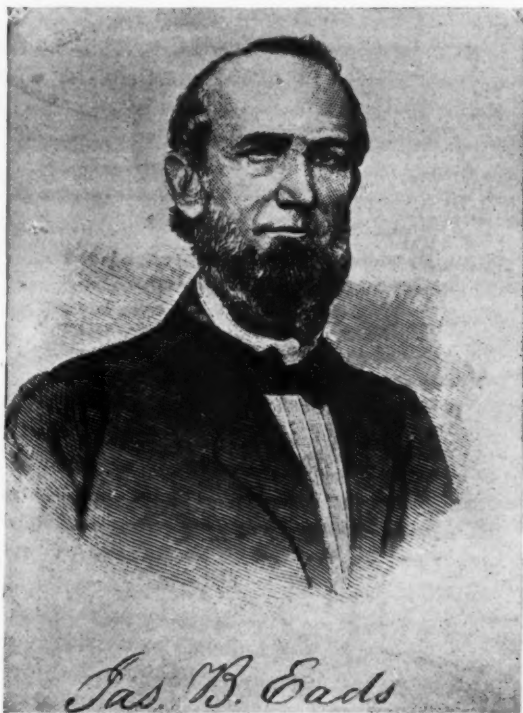
This order was delivered to Frémont November 3d, near Springfield, in the interior of Missouri; and on the same day General Hunter, who was near, assumed command. The army was then advancing to drive Price and McCulloch from the State.

It was not until November 7th, the day on which Grant fought the battle of Belmont, that Frémont emerged from the interior, and General Hunter got his first message through to Rolla, happily all too late to interfere with Grant's fight. But it would seem that General Curtis, who was put in command at St. Louis until General Hunter should arrive from the interior, was rather alarmed at Grant's battle,

for he telegraphed the War Department on November 9th, two days after, saying:

Yesterday Colonel Fiala sent report of General Grant's movement on Belmont, as ordered by Frémont. Captain McKeever telegraphs from Cincinnati to General Frémont that General Grant had no orders from Frémont to attack Belmont or Columbus.

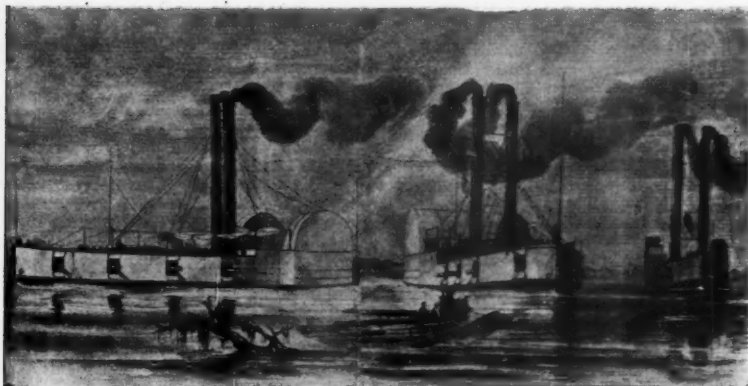
While Grant was not reprimanded, he was given to understand that he was



Designer and builder of the new ironclad Mississippi River fleet, 1861.

not expected to do any more fighting without orders from his superiors.

Generals Scott and McClellan had a very high estimate of the ability of Major-General Halleck, who had been some time near Headquarters at Washington, and decided Mr. Lincoln to appoint him to the command of the Western Department.



FIRST TYPE OF GUNBOATS ON THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS, 1861.  
Tyler, Lexington, and Canestaga, equipped at Cincinnati, and commanded by Captain Rodgers, U. S. N.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,  
WASHINGTON, November 9, 1861. (GENERAL ORDERS NO. 97)

3. The Department of the Missouri, to in-

clude the States of Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Arkansas, and that portion of Kentucky west of the Cumberland River, to be commanded by Major-General H. W. Halleck, United States Army.

By order:

JULIUS P. GARESCHÉ,  
Assistant Adjutant-General.

After a delay of ten days, when haste was of pressing importance, General Halleck arrived at St. Louis and assumed command on November 19th.

On appointing General Halleck, McClellan wrote him, among other things, the following:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,  
WASHINGTON, D.C., November 11, 1861.

MAJ.-GEN. H. W. HALLECK,  
U. S. A., Commanding Department of the Missouri: *General*—In assigning you to the command of the Department of the Missouri, it is probably unnecessary for me to state that I have intrusted to you a duty which requires the utmost tact and decision. You have not merely the ordinary duties of a military commander to perform, but the far more difficult task of reducing chaos to order . . . and of reducing to a point of economy, consistent with the interests and necessities of the State, a system of reckless expenditure and fraud, perhaps unheard of before in the history of the world.

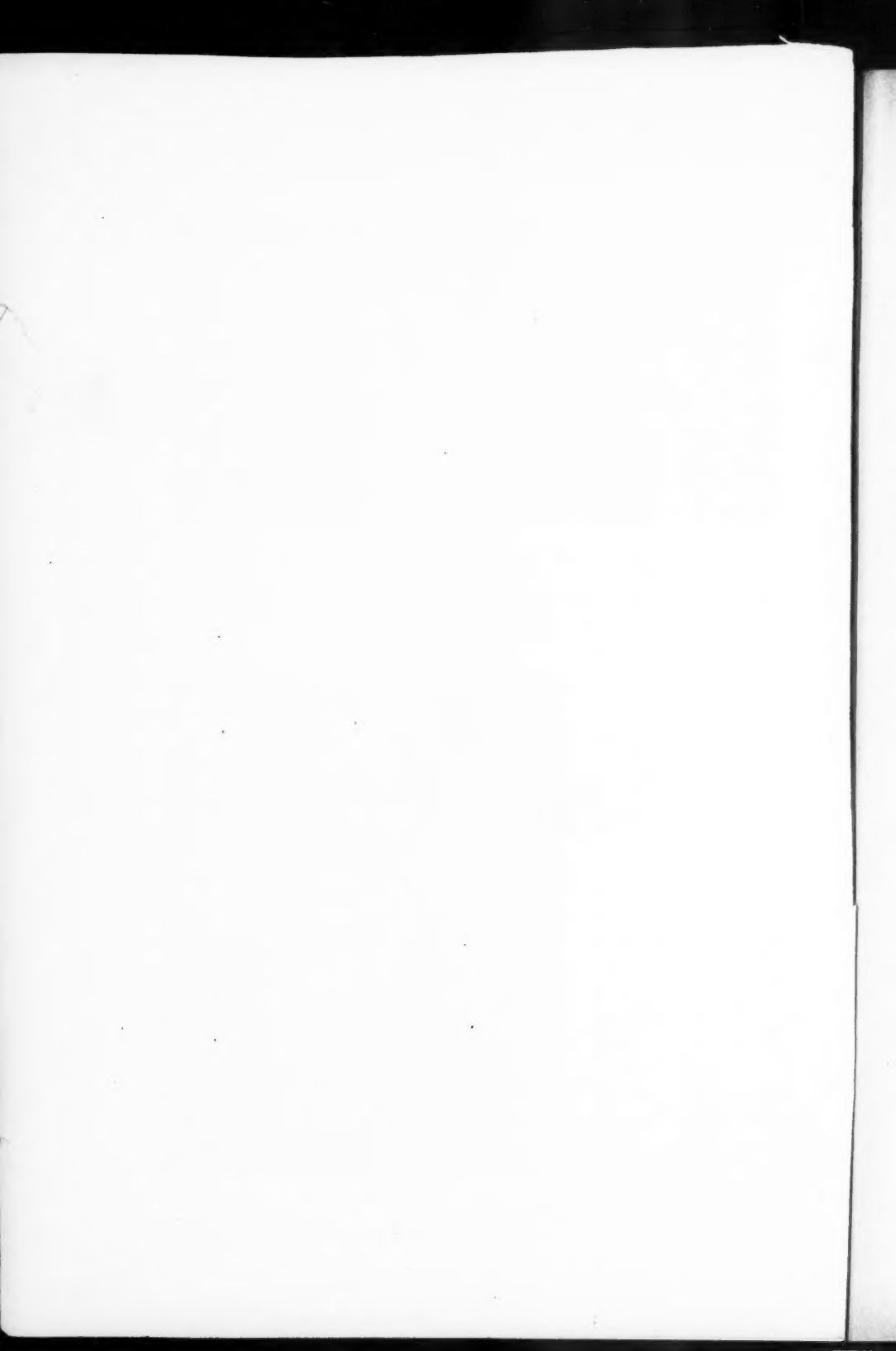
You will find in your Department many general and



CAPTAIN PORTER, U. S. N.,

Under whose direction the first three gunboats, Lexington, Canestaga and Tyler, were fitted out and armed at Cincinnati in 1861, and by him run down to Cairo. He co-operated with Grant at the Battle of Belmont, and until Captain Foote appeared in 1862 with his new fleet of ironclads.





staff officers holding illegal commissions not recognized or approved by the President or Secretary of War. You will at once notify these gentlemen of the nullity of their appointments. . . . If any of them give the slightest trouble you will at once arrest them and send them, under guard, out of the limits of your Department. . . . You will please cause competent and reliable staff officers to examine all existing contracts immediately, and suspend all payments upon them until you receive the report in each case. . . .

GEO. B. McCLELLAN,  
Major-General, commanding U. S. Army.

That the coming of so exacting and imperious a character as Halleck should cause consternation among the army contractors who had profited by the loose methods of the Frémont *regime*, may be readily conjectured.

But if the President and the War Department at Washington had been in anxious trouble before, they were not long allowed to indulge in repose; for, before General Halleck had the affairs of his department well in hand, he began to frighten them by keeping the wires hot with frantic appeals for help,—help in every conceivable thing from a tent pin to enlarged armies and armaments. A study of the War Records for the next few months gives the student the impression that Halleck was strangely nervous, excitable, in fact an alarmist.

Amidst all this, it is refreshing to run to the quiet, self-composure, and confidence of Grant, who never "lost his head," and never was excited or deceived by exaggerated reports as to the strength of the enemy. While Halleck in Missouri, and Buell in Kentucky were pleading for help, for more time, for better organization and stronger armies, Grant was always ready to *fight*. He knew that the enemy was in greater need of time than were the National forces.

Halleck and Buell seemed to act on the theory that it was not safe to advance without a perfectly drilled and disciplined army, equipped to perfection; apparently not reflecting that the delay also brought the enemy into the same improved condition.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### NAVAL PREPARATIONS ON THE WESTERN WATERS.

Early in the summer of 1861, when it became manifest that there would be serious war, Attorney-General Bates of the administration, a citizen of St. Louis, wrote Captain James B. Eads, also of St. Louis, asking his opinion as to the feasibility of using gunboats on the Western rivers. Eads at once replied affirmatively. He had long been connected with the removal of obstructions in the rivers, and was one of the most skillful and eminent engineers in the country. Captain John Rodgers of the Navy, was detailed from the East to come to St. Louis and superintend the work of creating a navy on the rivers.

In June he came to Cincinnati, and there purchased and converted three light-draft steamers into gunboats,—viz.: the *Conestoga*, the *Tyler*, and the *Lexington*. These were not "iron-clads," but simply protected by oak bulwarks against musketry. The change was accomplished in a few weeks, and the boats were armed with guns of the heaviest caliber, and were primarily intended for use on the Ohio when in the early days of the revolt the Confederates seemed determined to make the Ohio river the dividing line.

In July, Captain Eads conceived the idea of iron-clads, and so favorably were his plans received in Washington that on August 7th a contract was awarded him by the War Department to construct seven new iron-clad gunboats, after plans which he had designed and Captain Rodgers approved.

The contract provided that these boats were to be completed and delivered at Cairo by October 5th, under a forfeiture of \$200 a day on each boat for all delay after that date.

Nothing like this was probably ever before attempted in the history of naval warfare. To manufacture and bring together from distant points, iron

plating, ponderous and powerful machinery, all the timbers, and the multitude of other naval materials, to build and equip seven powerful vessels and iron-clad them, and have them under steam in less than *sixty days*, was a bold and courageous undertaking. Such vessels were "something new under the sun," about which no one had ever had any knowledge or experience.

They were formidable vessels, 175 feet long and 51 feet beam. They could run ten to fifteen miles an hour, and each boat carried thirteen nine and ten-inch rifled guns.

The "*Benton*," a still more powerful vessel, nearly 200 feet long and 75 feet beam, followed the others somewhat later, and this became Commodore Foote's flag-ship. It carried eighteen heavy guns. The cuts show the designs and the contrast between the earlier and the later gun-boats. These, and others that were built later, became a part of the history of every battle fought near the rivers in the West from Belmont to Vicksburg. They were omnipresent on every river where they could float, and the daring sailors, with their great guns throwing shells for miles, were a terror to the enemy throughout the war.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### DELAYS, ALARMS AND SLOW MOVEMENTS OF HALLECK AND BUELL.

##### GRANT RESTRAINED AND INSULTED. PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S WRATH.

On November 13th, four days after Halleck was assigned to his command, General Sherman was relieved of command in Kentucky, and General D. C. Buell succeeded him in command of the Department of the Ohio, including Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky east of the Cumberland River, with headquarters at Louisville. Sherman was ordered to St. Louis, and the lying stories set afloat as to his being insane (because he told Secretary Cameron that it would require two hundred thousand men to

crush the rebellion in the West) kept him idle for months. Time proved that the others were the crazy ones, for more than twice two hundred thousand men were ultimately required in the West, and three times that number in the East.

Price and McCulloch had been driven out of Missouri by Frémont and Hunter, and the army of the southwest had retired to Rolla, Sedalia and Jefferson City for the winter when Halleck arrived late in November. He had fully fifty thousand men in Missouri, one-third of whom could have been spared to reinforce Grant at Cairo, and with that additional force and permission he could have captured Columbus any time in November or December.

But Halleck was not ready, he had no men, no arms, no material (!) so to speak, and he urged delay. Grant must wait; and the golden days and weeks and months went by, until President Lincoln's patience was exhausted. In extenuation it must be remembered that Halleck met conditions in Missouri well calculated to irritate him and delay forward movements. Up to the end of December Grant's returns in the War Department show that he had but 14,374 men at Cairo, Bird's Point, Mound City, Fort Holt, Shawneetown and Cape Girardeau. Halleck was making alarming appeals for more men and more material, frightened lest Price should drive him out of the State, while in truth a column of 15,000 to 20,000 men could at any time have defeated him.

General Buell was organizing a great army in Kentucky, to move on to Nashville and East Tennessee. He, too, was not ready. Although at the end of 1861 he had more than 50,000 men, he could not advance. He was short of transportation, of artillery, of arms, and of men! The enemy was in front with 60,000 to 80,000 men, he said. In truth the enemy had less than 30,000 in his front and these were no better prepared for battle than were his own army.

On November 25th General McClellan wrote Buell, saying:

"I am still firmly impressed with the great necessity of making the movement on Eastern Tennessee with the least possible delay."

No reply coming from General Buell, McClellan sent him the following dispatch:

NOVEMBER 27, 1861.

Brig.-Gen. D. C. Buell:

What is the reason for concentration of troops at Louisville? I urge movement at once on Eastern Tennessee.

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,  
Major-General Commanding.

On the same day General Buell answered McClellan, but he made no allusion to a forward movement.

November 29th McClellan wrote him:

It seems to me from the little local knowledge I possess, that you might make two movements, one on Eastern Tennessee, say with fifteen thousand men, and a strong attack on Nashville with, say, fifty thousand men.

December 3, 1861, McClellan again wrote:

"I must still urge the occupation of Eastern Tennessee as an immediate duty."

I have ordered one regular, and one excellent volunteer battery to join you. To-day I ordered ten thousand excellent arms to be sent to you. I have directed all your requisitions to be filled at once.

General Buell wrote eloquently to McClellan, suggesting plausible plans, but was not ready to execute them. On December 10th he closed a long letter by saying:

"It may seem rather wordy for me to say that early action is of the greatest importance when I am myself unable to appoint a day."

On December 23d General Buell reported to the Adjutant-General at Washington, saying:

Our returns show an aggregate of some seventy thousand—about fifty-seven thousand ready for duty.

December 26th, General Grant wrote General Buell:

I enclose you herewith an order defining the limits of my command. The object is that you may know its extent, and to express to you a desire to cooperate with you as far as practicable.

His district at this date, in addition to Southeast Missouri, included all of Kentucky west of the Cumberland River.

Still Buell, whose district joined

Grant on the east, did not move, nor did he answer Grant's communication.

On December 29th, he wrote McClellan, saying:

It startles me to think how much time has elapsed since my arrival, and to find myself still in Louisville.

Although Grant was anxious to move, and restless under restraints imposed by General Halleck, he kept his temper and his small force well under control. While thus waiting he sent, late in December, his Adjutant to St. Louis to personally inform General Halleck of the importance of early movements. A few seconds' interview sent the Adjutant out of Halleck's presence, frightened at his own temerity in making so daring a venture, and bearing back to his anxious and waiting chief the admonition that it was their "business at Cairo to wait for orders, and not to make suggestions."

The end of the year approached, and the commanders of the armies seemed paralyzed, from the Potomac to Missouri. McClellan was sick. The country was impatient that five hundred thousand men should remain idle in camp and strike no blow.

President Lincoln was overwhelmed with the agitation. The Union men of East Tennessee were madly clamorous for the advance of the National forces.

At last the long-suffering and patient Lincoln interfered. He began thus:

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 31, 1861.  
General Halleck, St. Louis, Mo.:

General McClellan sick. Are General Buell and yourself in concert? When he moves on Bowling Green, what hinders it being reinforced from Columbus? A simultaneous movement by you on Columbus might prevent it.

A. LINCOLN,  
Similar dispatch to Buell same date.

Again, to Halleck:

WASHINGTON CITY, January 1, 1862.  
Major-General Halleck, St. Louis, Mo.:

General McClellan should not yet be disturbed with business. I think General Buell and yourself should be in communication and concert at once. I write you to-night and also telegraph and write him.

A. LINCOLN.

Buell answered:

LOUISVILLE, January 1, 1862.

President Lincoln:

I have already telegraphed General Halleck with a view of arranging a concert of action



between us, and am momentarily expecting his answer.

D. C. BUELL,  
Brigadier-General.

Halleck to the President:

ST. LOUIS, MO., January 1, 1862.  
*To His Excellency, Abraham Lincoln, President.*  
I have never received a word from General Buell. I am not ready to cooperate with him. Hope to do so in a few weeks. Have written fully on this subject to Major-General McClellan. Too much haste will ruin everything.

H. W. HALLECK,  
Major-General.

During the last days of December the waiting became oppressive to General Grant and Flag Officer Foote, who were always in cordial accord as to plans and purposes. They had many private consultations as to future operations. They were both impressed with the conviction that if Halleck would send a few of the regiments that were idle in Missouri, a bold stroke would sweep the enemy from Columbus, and from the banks of the Cumberland and the Tennessee. An officer, a confidant of Grant and Foote, on his way to Washington, but spending a few days on business at Cairo, was admitted to two of these conferences held at late hours, and he was so impressed with Grant's suggestions as to what might be done by prompt movements, that he lost no time in hurrying to General McClellan and explaining the views and wishes of Grant and Foote. Without a moment's delay General McClellan sent the following message to Halleck:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, }  
WASHINGTON, January 3, 1862. }  
*Maj.-Gen. H. W. Halleck:*  
GENERAL—It is of the greatest importance that the rebel troops in Western Kentucky be prevented from moving to the support of the force in front of General Buell. To accomplish this an expedition should be sent up the Cumberland River to act in concert with General Buell's command.

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,  
Major-General Commanding.

Then the President took a hand at urging Buell again:

WASHINGTON, January 4, 1862.  
*General Buell:*  
Have arms gone forward for East Tennessee? Please tell me the progress and condition of the movement in that direction.  
Answer.

A. LINCOLN.

To this General Buell answered on the 5th: "Arms can only go forward for East Tennessee under the protec-

tion of our army(?) . . . Our transportation and other preparations are still incomplete. . . . As earnestly as I wish to accomplish it, my judgment has been from the first decidedly against it."

This telegram was at once taken by the President to General McClellan, who was still ill, and read to him with such earnest and anxious comments as showed how deeply he was pained at the delay. General McClellan sent Buell the following:

WASHINGTON, January 6, 1862.  
*Brig.-Gen. D. C. Buell, Louisville, Ky.:*

MY DEAR GENERAL—Two hundred wagons from Philadelphia have been ordered to you.

I was extremely sorry to learn from your telegram to the President that you had from the beginning attached little or no importance to a movement into East Tennessee. I had not so understood your views, and it develops a radical difference between your views and my own, which I deeply regret.

Halleck, from his own account, will not soon be in a condition to support properly a movement up the Cumberland. Why not make the movement independently of, and without waiting for, him?

I regret that I have not the strength to write a fuller or more intelligent letter.

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,  
Major-General Commanding.

And the President also wrote:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, }  
WASHINGTON, January 6, 1862. }  
*Brigadier-General Buell:*  
DEAR SIR—Your dispatch of yesterday has been received, and it disappoints and distresses me. I have shown it to General McClellan, who says he will write you to-day.  
A. LINCOLN.

While General McClellan was writing from Washington to General Buell, General Halleck was writing from St. Louis to the President as follows:

HEADQUARTERS' DEPT' OF THE MISSOURI, }  
ST. LOUIS, January 6, 1862. }  
*To His Excellency the President:*

I know nothing of General Buell's intended operations, never having received any information in regard to the general plan of campaign. If it be intended that his column shall move on Bowling Green, while another moves from Cairo or Paducah on Columbus or Camp Beauregard, it will be a repetition of the same strategic error which produced the disaster at Bull Run.

H. W. HALLECK,  
Major-General.

On the back of which the President made the following despairing endorsement:

The within is a copy of a letter just received from General Halleck. It is exceedingly discouraging. As everywhere else, nothing can be done.  
January 10, 1862.

A. LINCOLN.

On the same 6th of January, Halleck wrote Buell, telling him that Grant did not have more than 15,000 men in his entire district; that it required 5,000 to garrison the forts about Cairo, leaving not over 10,000 men for offensive operations, "while the enemy has over 22,000 men at Columbus." . . . "Under these circumstances it would be madness

for me to attempt any serious operations." . . . "It seems to me that if you deem such co-operation necessary to your success your movement on Bowling Green should be delayed."

Is it wonder that the patient Lincoln should endorse in a regretful and sorrowful vein,— "as everywhere else, nothing can be done?"

(To be continued.)

## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL GRANT.

BY MAJOR HOYT SHERMAN.\*

MY TIME and opportunity for gaining knowledge of the private life of General Grant were limited to a few months in the early period of the War—before he demonstrated his wonderful power in handling great bodies of men, and securing victories over adversaries that have become famous in the great battles of history—even before he had attained a local reputation as a military commander. Years before, he had abandoned military life to take up civil pursuits, and, with a persistence characteristic of the man, had tried one after another occupation, his principal ambition then being only the support of his family, and failed in all. Such experience with most men would have resulted in a soured disposition and a feeling of disappointment tending to discourage all future effort. Not so with General Grant. On the first indication of the rebellion in the Southern States, with the education and experience of the past to commend him, he offered his services to the War Department, only to be ignored. He then went to Springfield and tendered his services to the Governor of Illinois. Fortunately, just at that time his knowledge of military organization and instruction was greatly needed. He first aided in details of formation of companies and regiments, and was soon given command of a regiment, the Twenty-first Illinois. Immediately following that, with a large list of leading military and public men, he was

appointed a Brigadier-General, and given command of the Military District of Cairo, composed of Southern Illinois, Southeastern Missouri and Western Kentucky, the charge of which he assumed at once.

In the fall of 1861, the town of Cairo, Illinois, was the center of a great military camp of rendezvous and instruction. In the town proper were the camps of three regiments of infantry and several companies of artillery, and a battalion of cavalry. Across the Missouri River, at Bird's Point, were four regiments of infantry. Across the Ohio River, at Camp Holt, was one regiment of infantry, and at Paducah, a short distance up the Ohio River, were three regiments of infantry and a small force of cavalry. All of this force of men were under command of General Grant, with headquarters at Cairo. All were comparatively new to the military service, and all were receiving that efficient instruction under his immediate direction, that enabled him in the following months to perform the wonderful marches, endure the great fatigues and gain the splendid victories that come only to well trained and disciplined troops under competent command. It was a great military school, under personal control and inspection of one man, who alone knew fully the work they would be compelled to perform, and the great physical fatigue they would have to endure.

\* Youngest brother of Gen. W. T. Sherman.

I reached Cairo on the first of November, 1861, assigned, with another paymaster, to pay troops under General Grant's command, and at his direction. I reported on arrival to him, and found his headquarters in an old disused banking house, situated on the levee, occupying the first floor. His staff consisted only of Captain Rawlins, Adjutant-General, two aids-de-camp, and a sergeant. The two upper floors were used by his family, who were with him at Cairo.

Without waiting for a quartermaster, whose duty it was to find an office for me, Grant at once directed that his headquarters be removed to the front room on the second floor, and gave me and my colleague the banking office with its vault and counters, for use in the safe keeping and disbursement of the large sums of public money in our hands. That action, of little importance in itself, was characteristic of the man and his old-time military education, showing a desire that all branches of the government work within his immediate command should have every convenience needed for discharge of duty, as well as enforcing economy in saving rent.

My business took me up into headquarters frequently, and I always found it a place of business, and free from all "the pomp and circumstance" of war. Rawlins and his orderly, acting as clerk, were busy examining and tabulating reports, making out requisitions and performing other duties, while General Grant, sitting at one of the windows overlooking the flotilla of gun-boats in the river, and the Kentucky shore beyond, with cigar in mouth, was always absorbed in meditation, probably blocking out in his own mind, the grand movements of the campaign, which afterward culminated in great victories. When interrupted to decide questions or give instructions, he never seemed annoyed, but often joined in conversation about little details of military affairs around him, and thus showed how well informed he was as to events, great and small, happening in camp and barracks, on which he might be called at any time to act.

It was about this time that I noticed one great distinguishing trait of character in his simplicity of dress and life. While some others around, at camp and barracks, indulged in all the finery that military regulations allowed, General Grant was always dressed simply and plainly—a common blue army blouse, no belt or sword, no chapeau or plumed hat, nothing to indicate rank and authority but the simple regulation shoulder-straps, and surrounded by no retinue of aids and sergeants to add to his military importance, and make it difficult for persons having business with him to reach his presence.

From my office, situated as it was immediately below his home as well as office quarters, I had occasional glimpses of his domestic life, and could not help being impressed with the affectionate care manifested by him toward his family, and the fondness and solicitude displayed by them in return. As in everything else he was not demonstrative, but there was a homelike simplicity in his domestic affairs that appealed strongly to one's feelings. I well remember the lonesome Sundays spent in the quiet of my office, hearing the old-fashioned Sunday-school airs, sung by his children, coming down from his quarters above, stirring up thoughts and memories of home far away.

Early on the morning of November 7, 1861, taking five regiments, he embarked on transports, preceded by the gun-boats Tyler and Lexington, dropped down the river a few miles above and opposite to Columbus, Kentucky, a well fortified point in command of Bishop Polk, and disembarked his troops at Belmont, a small hamlet in Missouri, a short distance from which was an encampment of irregular Confederate hard riders, whose principal business was to loot from farm houses and shoot down pickets on the outer line of camp at Bird's Point. Grant's forces dropped down on that camp like a thunder-bolt, wiping it out of existence in a few moments. Most of the troopers took to the woods, so familiar to them, while a few were taken pris-

oners. The Federal troops then stopped to rest awhile.

Meantime Polk, with his heavy guns, had opened on the two gun-boats, and sent an occasional shot to the place where our soldiers were supposed to be, never harming anyone, the real purpose of his artillery work being to cover the crossing of the river (in a small ferry) by Confederate infantry, and to intercept the return of our troops to the transports. When our forces reached their lines there was a sharp skirmish, and they were brushed aside with a loss of about 100 killed to each of the opposing forces.

While this battle was of little importance in itself, it demonstrated the fact that such fortifications as that at Columbus could be best taken by movements on the rear. Only three months afterward, when Forts Henry and Donelson fell, Columbus was secured to the Union without the loss of a life or firing of a gun. It demonstrated to new and raw troops, for the first time under fire, that they had for a commander a man cool and collected, ready for any emergency, who, with his inevitable cigar, was to be found where danger was thickest, giving orders in conversational tone, and without the semblance of excitement at any time. It also demonstrated to the force under him that he looked closely after their welfare and the especial comfort of the wounded. One of the first official orders after the return to Cairo was that every attention be given by the medical officers to the wounded, and that the paymasters should see that their pay was ready, even if the regiments to which they belonged were not then paid.

During that day's battle the report of every heavy gun was heard as well at Cairo as at Columbus, and great anxiety was felt by all. The family of the General all day within sound of the guns, knew that he would be in the front, and the thickest of the fight, subject to all the dangers of shot and shell; yet their confidence in him must have been perfect and complete, for during all that terrible time there was no indication by any member of that family

circle of the trying ordeal of anxiety and care through which it passed on that November day.

After Belmont there was a long pause in active operations, waiting, as it afterward developed, for the completion of Commodore Foote's fleet of iron-clads. For three long winter months no aggressive move was made. The morning report and the daily drill, never delayed because of bad weather, demonstrated that when the time came for action, soldiers could be so instructed as to become veterans, even without active service against an enemy. It was General Grant's military education that brought about this steady drill and its consequent benefits.

Briefly stated, my observation of General Grant, made in those three months before he acquired any military fame whatever, satisfied me that his coolness, self-poise and confidence in himself, in the quiet routine of headquarters work, or amidst the rush and danger of battle, were such that he could study out movements and problems under the most trying of positions. He always looked after the welfare of all under his immediate command, from private to general, and in that way secured the esteem and love of all. His affection for his family, which showed itself in so many ways, won for him the respect and admiration of all with whom he came in contact. Without political ambition, or any of the petty efforts for promotion that injured the standing of so many of our leading generals, he exhibited a character that fitted him well to command, during the trying period following his first battle, and he never permitted personal ambition to interfere with his duty to his country.

The one great virtue that marked General Grant's character as superior to others, was that in proportion to his increased responsibility and care came increased ability to act—increased power to meet the emergency, whatever it might be, whether as a soldier or a statesman, and always ending with victory and success for the country he loved so well.

## THE LIFE ELEMENT IN AMERICAN FICTION.

BY KATE CORKHILL.

IN STUDYING art, as a whole or in its particular departments and provinces, there are three propositions, or rather, axioms, which must never be forgotten, and in the light of which every work claiming recognition in the art-world must be studied. They are these: "Not the particular incidents of human life, but its undying content, produces the results for the poet." "Artist" might as truly have been written as "poet." "A work of art must have truth, beauty and lifelikeness." "A work of art must have depth; it must invite study."

Of the authorship of these propositions, I am uncertain,—so uncertain that I ascribe none, but gladly accord the honor to whom it is due.

All true-hearted students will agree that a novel should be as much a work of art as a poem, a painting, a musical composition, or a piece of sculpture. The rules which govern the mechanical work of the novelist are, of course, widely different from those governing other artists—indeed, in this particular the departments of art bear little resemblance to one another,—but in the motives, the ruling conceptions, they are identical, and these three axioms rule the world of the novelist as they do that of any other artist.

Before taking up the study of our American fiction of to-day as a part of our art, let us look for a moment at Art in general, to see what demands and requirements it makes of its subjects and followers. Really there is but one law in the art-world; for how many soever we may formulate, their germ and idea is contained in this one. Every work to be a work of art, must be expressive of the truth. To express the truth is to express the ideal; to realize the truth is to realize the ideal, using

that word in its broad and legitimate sense. Only truth will live; falsity and error are the agents of their own destruction. So in the art-world, only those works which express the truth will live, and those which express it most clearly and fully will have the highest and best life. Those great works which draw us to them, it may be, with half the world between, and still the beating of our hearts an instant, as we come into their presence, express their phase of the truth more clearly and completely than any others have done, and hence their greatness, their life—centuries long. Truth is an attribute of the God, and only those things in this world which are Godlike, which are the expression of a desire to be at one with God, will live, even in the memory of mortals.

But from the opponents of this theory, or better belief—and they are not a few—there comes this in reply: "Truth is infinite, man is finite. Your theory demands that the finite shall express the infinite—a clear impossibility." What shall be done, then? Acknowledge our inability to express the true, and set about proclaiming the false,—in other words annihilate art? By no means! Nearly three centuries ago Henry Vaughn forever refuted this argument and all others built upon similar ideas, when he exclaimed:

"There shines amid our earthly dress  
Bright shoots of everlastingness."

Man is finite, but not wholly so. The "bright shoots" are eternal, as eternal as Truth itself, and by their presence proclaim our kinship with the Author of the universe—the Infinite. To give fuller expression to these gleams of the infinite, art may take as her mission, and so hold her place as the exponent of, Truth. To direct the attention of



the busy world to these "bright shoots," to widen the rifts which they make in our "earthly dress," to watch and depict the struggle by which finite man climbs up toward the Infinite and merges his "nothing-perfect" in God's "all-complete"—to point him a way and, if possible, guide him in it, by which he may "lose himself in light," become one with himself and God, and drink deep of eternity—this is the mission of Art.

To express the Truth, then, is the one great law which governs the Art-world. All others which can be formulated are but corollaries—provincial phrasings of this one. We will notice but two of them: Every work, to be a work of art, must give evidence in itself that it is one of inspiration; and, every work, to be a work of art, must express life, and must be the outcome of life. Even a mention of these laws seems unnecessary, so manifestly are they contained in the one great canon; and they so encroach, one upon the grounds of the other, that it is very often difficult to distinguish them.

As reasonably might an artisan, working by rule and chart, expect the figures which he models or hews out to complete the architect's design, to step out of their niches and bow to him as their creator, as an art-aspirant, working without inspiration, might expect his works, executed with absolute perfection though they be, to live and make him live. It is the inspiration which gives the life. Existence is not sufficient; there must be the movement and pulsation of intelligent life. Nor will the galvanized movements of automata deceive us; their mechanism is too apparent, and has in it not one hint or suggestion of the real life. Nor can mere physical life be taken for a substitute—that is animal. It must be the truest and the best—the life of man with its undying content. Browning's David, in the fullness of his heart, exclaims:

"How good is man's life—the mere living!"

But before our daily life can take on this glory, there must come a great purifying and uplifting of the soul, and it comes only with inspiration—it may, in itself, be the inspiration. Saul, in all his kingly glory, and while yet the evil spirit had not touched him, never saw in his life the awful beauty which was everywhere visible to the shepherd-boy, alone upon the hills. It is the vision of David, not of Saul, which the artist must have; he must see the glory there is in life and must make it live again in his work. Every work of art must express this glorified life, and it must also prove that it is the work, the outcome of a life which has been touched by the glory—which has absorbed in itself some measure of the light revealed by inspiration. It must tell of a mind understanding and realizing something of the "undying content"; of a heart, warm and benevolent, in touch with the world, yet ever struggling above it to the heights where it can catch glimpses of the boundless glories of eternity. Life cannot come out of the absence of life. The creative mind and heart must be alive and throbbing with inspiration, and must impart its pulse-beats to its creatures, if it would have them live.

Truth, inspiration, and life, are three heights which every worker must claim and hold, before he can produce a work of art.

Literature is a part of art; fiction is a part of literature. Now let us look at our American fiction of to-day, and see what right it has to a place in the art of the world. It is possible for fiction to express the truth more fully and clearly than any other branch of art; when an artist, an inspired soul, guides the pen it becomes the most powerful and far-reaching form of art. Its absolute freedom from all mechanical restraint gives it a wider field than any of its sister arts, and in its own nature it unites all the best possibilities of its kinsmen. The visions of the sculptor, the dream of the painter, the loftiest

conceptions and most delicate imagery of the poet, the inspiring utterances of the orator, the tender whispers and sobbing breath of the musician, may all be expressed by this medium.

But does our American fiction of to-day, judged fairly and without prejudice, realize its possibilities? The amount of fiction which our American press turns out each year is appalling, and when we consider the number of years that have had a similar literary output, it becomes still more appalling. If even a small per cent of this literary product expresses faithfully some phase of the one great Truth, the permanence of our literature is abundantly secured. But will a just investigation of our present fiction reveal to us this element of permanence? Honesty demands that the answer be in the negative. Keeping ever in mind the one great aim of art—to express the Truth (and this Truth must not be confounded with mere veracity; it is the Truth which is eternal and belongs to God); remembering that art to be art, must express this Truth, and that this involves the necessity of each work possessing life, a soul, and giving evidence in itself of being a work of inspiration, let us look at our own fiction and see how nearly it meets these demands.

It is hard to say what element of our fiction would most strongly impress itself upon one, were it possible to view it entirely and instantaneously; but it is not at all unlikely that it would be its superficiality. Lord Byron says that "Truth is a gem that loves the deep"; and if we would incorporate the truth in any work, that work must have some measure of the depth which is the native element of the Truth. The third of the axioms with which we began this discussion is: A work of art must have depth; it must invite study. How many novels, written in America within the last two decades, invite study? How many permit it? Go to the library and read as many American novels, published within the last twen-

ty years, as your mental digestion will allow. How many of them invite a second reading? Almost none. Compared with the number of novels written, the number of those which conform to this requirement is practically a cipher. Viewed from this standpoint our fiction presents a most pitiable appearance. Of our intellectual attainments, as a people, there can be no question; but it would seem that they were acquired in something of a parrot fashion when we look at the character of the fiction which is written and read. We have much intellectual mechanism, much intellectual gymnastics, but too little—far too little—intellectual life; the average novel of the present day has no intellectual depth; it is all upon the surface, and can be grasped both in conception and characterization at a single reading. Not one novel out of every hundred that are put out annually is a work that grows upon you, that thrusts itself up in your mind and invites, or rather commands, you to a second reading; not one in a hundred inspires thought or even holds a place in memory. And can a literature made up of such works live? Has it even a shadow of permanence?

Another feature which would impress itself upon a student of our fiction is that each volume was written by an author; the writer is too prominent in his work. He does not stamp it with his own individuality, which would be perfectly legitimate and right, but overshadows it with his presence. Instead of losing himself in his characters, making them stand out as living beings, acting and speaking voluntarily and with the spontaneity of life, he uses them merely as masks, and assuming, now one and then another, speaks from behind them, himself unchanged in manner, voice, and thought. He gives us, not a mosaic of characters and opinions, beautifully designed and dexterously executed, but one stone only, laid now in one position, now in another, but still the same hard flint, dull and



unlovely as ever; or if in the beginning it was really beautiful, it has wearied us with its repeated presentation of its conscious and never-varying comeliness. What would be thought of a painter or a musician who would follow such a plan of work? The third presentation of his idea would fix his place in oblivion. But novelists go on year after year, repeating the same idea, and not only the same idea but the same phase of it, and the public has not the courage to leave the last attempt unnoticed. Now, a novel should be as much a work of art as a piece of sculpture or a musical composition. This does not imply the necessity of high finish of detail, but it does imply the necessity of a grasp of the Truth, an expression of a living and inspired soul, climbing steadily upward. There is no one who knows anything of the history of fiction, who cannot recall certain works which are rough and almost crude in their execution, which yet have in them that which is of far more worth—a soul. Andrea del Sarto, according to Browning, corrected Raphael's drawing as he would that of a pupil; but when he looked at Raphael's painting, his conceptions, he was no longer the critic, but throwing down his pencil, we can almost believe, in despair, exclaimed: "Ay, but the soul!" It was the lack of soul that made his own work lifeless. It is soul which our American fiction needs.

What is the general character of the novels of to-day? Do they strive after a clear and adequate expression of the Truth? Are they little worlds in themselves, well developed, yet hinting of mints of resources not yet revealed, peopled by living beings, living a real and not a fictitious life? Can we read in them something of the eternal content of life, or only the bare incidents separated from the grand motive which gives them their life and interest? Are they not rather attempts at expressing personal idiosyncrasies, unhealthy imaginations, intellectual or political views, or the customs and manners of the time?

In the next fifty lines may be told the history of the writing of fully one-half the novels that are put forth yearly. A certain person awakes to the fact that his income is uncomfortably limited. He works his common sense and imagination into a raging fever, combines the visions of their delirium, throws about them a glamour of rhetoric, and sends forth a novel. His income may or may not be increased; the novel, however, has been written and will exert an influence in the fixing of our literary standing. Another person is ambitious to appear in print, to see his name upon the advertising pages of magazines, in book and, perchance, in library catalogues; and in accordance with this desire a novel is written, thrown to the public, and takes its place in our literature. Then there is another class of writers who have graciously taken upon themselves the entertainment of the public, and have devoted their talents to the writing of novels whose sole aim is the pleasure of the moment. The works which, so far, have been presented to us are all the comment necessary upon both the theory and its exponents. It will not do to say that novels written under such influences as these are but floating trash, and are really no part of our literature. As well might we say that the tenement-house and street population of our country are really no part of the population. They are a part and an all too important part. The educated and wealthy classes may take to themselves the honor of being the people, and regard with pitying condescension those less fortunate and less enlightened who still bear the image of the same Creator. But let any crisis in public affairs arise, and the question is answered as to who are the people. The despised poor put forth and make good their claim to an equal rank in the state. So in our literature,—we cannot say that these common and nameless waifs are no part of it. They are a part and must be recognized as such, for their share in fixing our literary

status is, by no means, an unimportant one.

Another person becomes impressed with an idea,—it may be some newly developed trait, or some former one sinking into disuse; it may be some foible of the mind, a peculiarity of opinion or custom; or it may be some moral or intellectual theory. It may be anything, in fact, which has impressed itself on this mind. And thinking the novel the clearest and most readily handled form of literature, one is accordingly produced which exemplifies this idea. Of the motives of such writers there can be nothing said which will not be commendatory; it is to them and to them alone, that we must look for works that will secure the permanence of our fiction. But too often their judgment is in error, and leads to the production of works which are lifeless and worthless. While they may have been so strongly impressed with this pet idea, and may have studied it so seriously as to be able to set it forth better, it may be, than anyone else, they do not possess the power of portraying real, speaking life; their characters are but lay-figures, automatons, and their incidents and events the merest mechanism. Such writers, notwithstanding the integrity of their motives, can never produce a novel of permanent value. The essay, which is one of the strongest forms of literature and which may be made both entertaining and attractive is their proper field. A vigorous, well-written essay upon any subject worth consideration, is a work of merit, and will never want eager readers. But the matter for an essay, placed in an uninspired novel, is dull and uninteresting in the extreme, and repels the reader from the very beginning.

And what shall we say of that legion of volumes, fiends in the world of fiction, those so-called "books of the day," "mirrors of the times"—that most abused and libelled expression? We stand aghast at their number, and marvel at what a time ours must be if it can

throw so many and diverse reflections. In considering them it will be well to remember that the condition of the reflecting surface has much to do with the character of the reflection thrown, for it will go far toward keeping us from losing faith in humanity and hope for our day, which we surely should do were we to judge them solely from the reflections held up to us. In these novels our times are presented, not as they are, but as they are colored by the author's views and prejudices, and with small thought of the great truth which lies back of them. And even those which are true representations too often have their subjects chosen from, and their scenes laid in, the lowest and most degraded portion of the life of our day. Those events are selected which have in them the least possible manifestation of the foundation truth, and this deficiency is glorified rather than deplored, and is the fountain-head from which spring these so-called realistic novels. The spiritual element in our fiction is at a low ebb, and the intellectual and apparently real is worshipped to the neglect of the spiritual and ideal, which should be the truly real. A critic of a few years ago speaks of the "demon of realism," and this is not a too emphatic characterization of this one element in our literature which has strengthened itself by weakening all others. One of the first and greatest weaknesses of the novelists of the present day is that instead of setting up an ideal and trying to realize and express it in their works, they bend all their energies toward idealizing the real,—not idealizing it in the sense of purifying and ennobling it, but taking it as it is, with all its glaring faults and deformities, and setting it up as their ideal, and so mutilating the truth as to make it conform to its unlovely and unsymmetrical shape, instead of burying its imperfection deep in the perfection of the eternal Truth.

And yet the writers of these much read and advertised works, take great glory to themselves as ranking beside

our legitimate historians. "The fiction of a people is a vital part of its history," they say triumphantly. "Were the history of the nations blotted out, we could read it again in their literature, and fiction is no mean part of literature. The novelists of the day are really historians, and they must leave to history a true image of their times." To all of which we must assent. But let us emphasize the necessity of the image being a true one; let us not leave to history the record of a people who were intellectual dwarfs or monstrosities, who had little or no idea of the truth, and made little or no effort to bring themselves into harmony with it. Let not coming generations read in our fiction the history of a people who were content with, and even worshipped, their daily physical life, who never felt or gave evidence of the "everlastingness" within them, struggling to be free,—a people who lived the life of ephemera, died the death of ephemera, and left the world no better either for their life or for their death.

In no other department of art is there such a manifest lack of a high ideal. Sculptors and painters make it the business of their lives to study that which the history of their art has proven to be the best and truest, and to make their works conform as closely as possible to their principles and requirements. But the average novelist of the day has scarcely an acquaintance with what history has proven to be the best in his art. I do not think it is an extravagant assertion to say that not one in ten of the writers who rush into print yearly have read even once the great works which have influenced, and in a certain sense formed, our literature. Not only this, but they have no clear and practical conception of the great laws of life, not even understanding the difference between life and physical existence. Yet I would not be understood to argue that it is necessary to pursue a systematic study of psychology and philosophy, and an exhaustive course of read-

ing in ancient literature, before one is qualified to write a novel, be it brief or voluminous. Nor would I seem to despise and belittle the honest efforts that have been made in these later years to raise up to our people works that shall insure us an honored existence with coming generations. Yet where there is one such honest effort put forth, there is a myriad with no other motive than the gratification of a desire to appear in print or, perchance, to enlarge an income.

Another fault and source of weakness in our fiction—which is really but a result of those already stated—is that a certain element which may best be called a division of labor, is creeping into it, if, indeed, it has not already firmly established itself therein. This element, some authors are pleased to call a tendency to philosophize, but if it were systematized, it would present a perfect system of division of labor. The authors become so deeply impressed with the predominant traits of their characters, and so strain their energies to express them clearly and forcibly, that they forget to make the character itself a personal being; and when the work is completed its chief actor is a person of one idea, and in all other respects a weakling. Not one in ten of the characters which have been born into the world of fiction within the last two decades, approaches, even remotely, symmetrical development. They are one-ideaed; they have their hobbies, which is in itself admissible, but they have nursed and cherished them until they have grown out of all proportion and absorb in themselves the strength and interest which should be divided among all. It is very rare, nowadays, to find in fiction a nature which is a little world in itself, as are the characters of Homer, which are as real to-day as when he sang of them, or those of our own Shakespeare which become more vivid and real to us with each reading,—a nature harmoniously and symmetrically developed, and not having some

trait of an unhealthy and unnatural growth with others dwarfed beyond recognition. It is necessary to read half a dozen novels to find enough sufficiently developed traits to make a fairly symmetrical character; but yet, when they are found, they are the creations of authors varying so widely in mental views and habits that it is impossible to harmonize them. If there was some system about this production of single characteristics, we might hope for great things from our novelists; but as there is not, and each author produces his part of a character without assuring himself that the rest will be made and made to fit, our fiction presents a state of chaos—an endless number of qualities and characteristics well conceived and executed with skill, but rarely a living character.

All that has been said of the weakness of our present fiction may be summed up in three words—it lacks inspiration. It has no heart, but is the result of purely intellectual effort. There is scarcely a throb of honest, healthy love on the part of either creature or creator; there is passion—much of it,—passion amounting almost to frenzy, but that is not love—that is not the heart-life. The authors do not set about the portrayal of their characters involuntarily, because they are driven to it by the life struggling in their hearts which must be expressed, but solely for the gratification of personal desires; and when they are completed, they feel an intellectual pride in them, but scarcely a throb of love; their hearts beat neither faster nor slower because of their existence. And can creations arising from such a source live? All the works of art that have come down to us from former generations answer an emphatic, No. They appeal with their strongest influence directly to the heart. They interest our intellectual faculties of course,—it could not be otherwise,—but their strongest appeal is to that element within us which we hold in common with the rest of hu-

manity, and which is the mark of our brotherhood and kinship in one God. It was the inability to express this which caused poor Andrea to exclaim, "Ay, but the soul!" Soul! That is the need of our fiction, and it can be supplied only by inspiration; no mere mental effort can call it into existence. If some of the intellectual efforts which have been put forth within this generation had been backed, filled, overflowing with living soul, this generation would have equaled any period in the history of literature. But without this inspiration, and the work itself performed in a half-hearted way, is it any marvel that so much of our fiction is lifeless and ephemeral? Is it any matter for surprise that we read novel after novel and derive therefrom only a sensation of satiety, and not one feeling of mental vigor or inspiration; or that when once the desire for novelty is satisfied, we turn to the earlier writers for healthy and healthful entertainment?

But let it not be understood from this discussion that our fiction is looked upon as being in a hopelessly lifeless condition, or that our claim, as a generation, to literary remembrance is irretrievably lost. I fancy that in coming years there will be books worn and showing use, with copious marks and interlinings, and perchance a tear stain here and there, whose authors are living, struggling, it may be, with heavy hearts, at this very day and hour. There are writers working now, who have given us books that are a benediction, who have brought into the world of fiction characters so pure, so lovable, so noble, that they are as real to us as are the members of our own households, and we love them with a genuine love, warm and tender. There is a goodly number of dream people of comparatively late birth, without whom the world would seem cheerless and empty, and it is they and their creators who redeem the hopelessness of our fiction. But they stand amidst the

falsity of the rest of the fiction population as did Noah or Abraham amidst the godlessness of their times. They will live, live as long as people read, and coming generations will remember by them; but I fancy they will marvel that an age which produced so many volumes produced so few books.

If the limits of this paper would permit a study of some of these works, much of importance might be discovered concerning the life-element in American fiction. But this is not possible, now; however, we can draw from this discussion, even at this length, some hints which will be of service to aspiring authors.

First and most important of all, do nothing without inspiration. All else is really comprised in this; if there be real inspiration all other requirements of a successful work can be attained by honest, earnest study. Never attempt to write until you feel upon your mind and heart a burden of thought which must be expressed. And seek the inspiration. There are those to whom the inspiring breath comes suddenly and unexpectedly, and there are those with whom it is the accumulation of years; but in either case, it is inspiration. If it comes not to you in the sudden revelation, seek it with all your heart. If it is for you, you will find it, and your ability to express it will be all the better for your long pursuit. Nature is coy at the same time that she is generous, and gives shyly and coquettishly into the keeping of her humble, whole-hearted lover, secrets which the more brilliant but fickle seekers would give their all to possess.

Study God's world. There is a vast difference between God's world and man's world, and the great mass of our present novelists seek to portray man's to the neglect of God's. A large number of the novelists of to-day—perhaps the majority—struggle to reach the large cities, and an enormous per cent of our present fiction has its scene laid

there. Now these large cities are man's world, and from them and their life the novelist can draw no true inspiration. In them there is scarcely a throb of God-life, and scarcely an atom of God's truth. They are the field for the essayist, preacher, reformer, but for the novelist they should be but a memory. As well might a sculptor seek inspiration in deformity, or a painter in false lights and shades, as a novelist in the false, half-hearted, too often vicious life of our cities. A noble and commendable novel may have its scene laid in the life of a great city. It would be idle to assert the falsity of this, for the history of fiction would instantly prove its truth. But mark this;—the novels which deal with the life of the great cities, have their vital, their most important and most powerful scenes laid in God's world; or if they are in the cities, which is rare, there is ever a breath, a dream, a memory hovering about them of this other world. I have in mind, now, three novels which in many respects, are the most powerful that have been written in this century. Two come from England, one from Germany. These three novels deal very largely with city life. But if I were asked to point out the most important scenes in them, the scenes that are decisive, turning points in the history,—in one, I would take you to Lincolnshire, to an old baronial estate, and out into a wood where only a faraway glimpse of a castle reminds you of man's world; and in this wood are two women, alone, and their interview is the turning point in the novel. In another, I would take you again to an English wood; and one dark, stormy night, two men are being driven swiftly through it; and in the double darkness of the night and the storm, one strikes the other dead, and the catastrophe of the entire work follows swiftly upon the blow. In the third, I would take you to a mountain-peak in Germany; and there is a young girl there, standing alone, with a white bandage upon her forehead. The

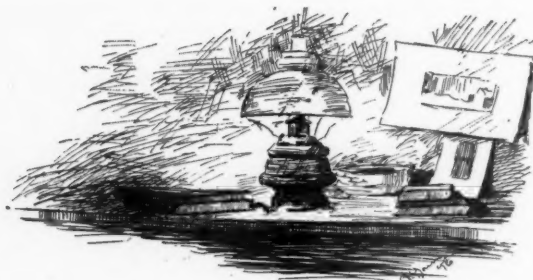


bandage drops away, of itself, and she writes in her book of a wanderer: "I have tasted eternity!"

These three novels are the children of minds whose right to the title "master minds" is undisputed. And these masters, when the crucial moment of their works came, took their characters out of the scenes of their busy life, away into the fastnesses of God's world and left them there alone. The very life of these novels is a memory of nature; the sea, the river, the woods, the mountains, the fields blushing with the sunrise, the hills crowned with the sunset glory, the winds heavy with the perfume of blossoms of ripening fruit, or crisp and invigorating with the frosts of the north, villages straggling along in the moonlight through fertile valleys or up the hillsides,—these it is, and their life and story which give strength and permanence to these novels, and which are necessary to the life of any novel. These the novelist must study, and study so closely and carefully that they become a part of his very being. Then he can go and live in the midst of the mass of humanity that seethes and writhes in the city, and perhaps write a novel that will be worth the reading.

This command to study God's world is imperative to the would-be novelist. And think much upon God,—not the God of any particular sect or denomination—but the Infinite, the Creator, the Preserver. Study life, and search for hints of His purposes; see how they are achieved by the laws which govern the universe; seek the maximum limit He

has set for the development of His creatures; study how man's life approaches this limit; how nearly it accomplishes the purpose for which it was sent into the world, or how widely it misses it. Seize and treasure carefully in your heart of hearts those traits and qualities of man which seem the truest and noblest, build them with whatever foils you may think necessary, into one symmetrical whole, and you will have before you the perfect form waiting for the breath of life. Can you impart it? If you can, then are you inspired, an artist, a creative spirit. If you are in doubt, go out into God's world, where you can come closest to the Infinite, and seek it. Nestle down in the fresh, cool grass, put your face close to the earth, look into the shadowy depths of the streams, read the faces of the flowers, put your ear close to the tree-trunks and listen to the tales they will tell you, go down to the sea and let the winds and waves speak to you, climb the mountains and find what revelation they have in store for you; or look up into the sky, ablaze with its morning or sunset glory, or when it is gleaming with its million stars, and when it seems that it must throw back its doors and its inhabitants swell the excelsis which all the world is trying to speak—"Glory to God"—to the God—the one God—the God of the universe—the Infinite. Do this, and then go back to the presence of your symmetrical form. If you feel impelled to it, speak through it whatever may be in your heart; express it as clearly and adequately as you can, and it will live.



## The Midland's Fiction Department.

### THE MOSSBACK'S PERIL.

A WOLF STORY.

BY FRANK W. CALKINS.

THE great gray wolves of the Manitoba plains and to westward are often no end of a nuisance and not infrequently a real menace to the lone "mossback" as they prowl and howl about his "poverty cabin" during the long winter nights. When pressed by hunger the creatures will sit and howl under the eaves or prance about upon the dirt roof of a gunless shack and, despite the flicker of a tallow dip within, will sometimes thrust their red muzzles against its window panes and glare at the occupant hungrily.

The isolated "mossback"—bachelor homesteader—who has taken his claim in advance of general settlement will often tell of standing siege against the "big howlers." Such a tale was told me by a farmer, whose veracity was amply vouched for by good citizens of Regina, in 1885.

Billy McPherson, the farmer, a hardy Scotch Canuck, was blizzard-stayed with me for two days at a little hotel in the town near which he lived. He had ventured into that region far in advance of "End of Track." He built his "poverty cabin"—a shack of rough boards, with roof of poles and hay, "sodded over"—in the uninhabited valley of Pile of Bones creek. Fort Qu'appelle, nearly fifty miles to eastward, was the nearest civilized settlement. At Pile of Bones creek—so named because of the heaps of buffalo bones lying about its mire holes—Billy reigned as squatter sovereign, until the wolves came.

It was too late to begin farming for that year when he settled upon his

claim, so he bullded, in addition to his shack, a stout sod shed for his steers, and made an early cut of winter hay. Then he set to work cutting cord wood at a small grove of ash, elm, and cottonwood near the center of his claim. He had the only timber in sight, and it would sell at high prices when the railroad should reach him.

For a time the settler's only company was the antelope which came to drink at the creek and often stood and "whistled" at him within easy gunshot range. As a rule, Billy—an honest, hard worker—despised guns as the very emblems of shiftlessness, but at Pile of Bones creek he would have liked to own one and to have been a good shot, too. When cold weather came the antelope disappeared and coyotes and gray wolves became his dismal neighbors. These animals haunted his timber and the grass lands of the creek bottom continually, and finding their biped neighbor a harmless sort of creature they soon became over-bold and saucy.

One morning after the first light fall of snow, as Billy entered his grove to begin chopping, three wolves sat upon the rick of cord wood until he came within a few steps of them. They snarled at him with savage impudence and only jumped off the wood and ran when he threatened them with his ax.

For their saucy defiance in this instance, however, he discovered immediate cause in a plump "cotton tail" wedged in, at half arms length, between two sticks at the base of the rick. That evening at supper he thanked the



wolves for the first fresh meat he had tasted in months. The animals repaid his foraging in kind a little later.

It was a day or two after this adventure that there came a fierce blizzard which lasted three days—and the weather turned bitterly cold. On the first still night after the storm the lone settler had such a serenade as is granted to few persons ever to hear, and nowadays heard nowhere save on the plains of Canada or the Russian steppes.

Wolves in unknown numbers gathered about his premises and howled and yapped in hideous chorus. They came early in the evening while Billy was cooking supper. Possibly attracted by the odor of beans and bacon, numbers of them climbed upon the roof of his drifted-in shack and yelped eagerly as they tore at the frozen sods. Others scratched at the doorway or showed their ugly muzzles at the window where he had cut away the drift. Billy began soon to feel that he was not secure from danger even inside his stout cabin. He filled his box stove with wood, threw its front door wide open and lighted an extra tallow dip in his lantern. He hoped that the light of fire and candles would prevent the wolves from descending, should they succeed in tearing through the sods. And this might, indeed, have happened; half famished as the creatures were, but luckily for the settler the first freeze of winter had come upon the heels of a storm of rain and sleet and his roof was pretty well cased in ice, and the sods had frozen together.

But the siege was exciting enough. For two hours and more the swarm of clamoring, yelping brutes kept Billy in a state of nervous expectancy. He sat before his stove feeding the fire, and with a hickory ax-helve in hand, watching alternately his window and his roof. Now and then as the brutes raged a pair of glowing eyes and a flash of white fangs at the window gave him a shiver of dread—projecting a picture into his

mental vision from which he recoiled in horror.

Then as suddenly as they had come his unwelcome visitors fled away across the valley. Billy listened until the sound of their yelpings was lost in the distance, and then, heartily relieved to be rid of them so easily, he went to bed, leaving his lantern burning.

About four o'clock in the morning he was awakened by the muffled noise of bellows and of snarling and fighting at his cattle shed. The wolves had come back and had broken in among his steers! Alarmed and almost frantic at the thought of losing his cattle, he sprang out of bed, jerked on his clothes, seized his lantern and ax-handle and rushed out to the shed, reckless, for the moment, of consequences. A couple of wolves ran snapping out of his way as he approached the entrance.

As he jerked a slide-bar and threw open the heavy puncheon door, his ears were assailed by a horrible din of savage snarls and yelpings, accompanied by bawlings of mingled rage and affright. The sight was fearful as he cast his light within. Instantly he took in the array of shining eyes and bloody jaws uplifted at one end, and a huddled group of steers standing faced about, with broken tie-ropes and lowered horns, at the other. A lank wolf, fatally gored, kicked against the manger, and the mangled carcass of one of the steers lay in the midst of the glaring pack.

More than a dozen gorged wolves stared at him for one instant, their eyes gleaming in a vicious surprise, and then as he stepped backward, shouting to frighten them out, the nearer ones made a fierce rush for the door. Billy held his lantern high in one hand, hopped about to avoid the snapping jaws, and struck right and left with his ax-helve. As the last wolf sprang past him he knocked the creature off its feet with a swinging blow upon the jaw. And then a kind of rage seized upon him; he fell upon the stricken brute

and hammered its head to a pulp. When he had worked off this momentary heat, he straightened up to find his light gone out and the snarling, snapping pack arrayed along the drift on three sides of him.

The bolder ones were about to attack when, in a terror quite as violent as his recent fit of rage, Billy broke through the ring, striking wildly in self-defense, and ran for his cabin door. He reached it none too soon, for the whole pack followed at his heels. He got inside his shack, however, without a scratch, and there he stayed, compelled to leave his cattle to their fate.

He flung himself upon his bunk, sick, disheartened and with face downward stopped his ears against the sounds outside.

Greatly to his surprise and joy the next morning he found three whole steers feeding quietly at the hayricks near their shed. The wolves had been content to gorge themselves upon the dead one. A number of the animals were lying upon the snow under a rise of ground east of his cabin, and there they still lay and watched him as he drove in the steers and carried in hay for their day's feed. In doing this Billy discovered that the creatures had dug away the sods where a huge drift joined the shed roof. They had then torn through at least a foot of packed hay, and forced their way in, one by one, between two poles.

That day the settler cased his shed-roof with poles from his abundant wood pile, lacing a solid covering by means of wooden pins. The walls of the shed were of solid sod, eighteen inches thick, and frozen hard as brick. The animals never got in again.

But they made his nights hideous and even cooped him up of days uncertain of his life in venturing out. The whole pack came back, of course, when hunger prompted, and baffled in their attempts to get at the cattle, laid a howling seige to the premises at large. They hung about the cabin, shed and hay ricks al-

most continually for more than a week. Billy was compelled to watch his chance, during the middle of the short day, to get in wood, and to feed and water his steers. Usually, about noon, most of the wolves ran off upon the creek bottoms. It was then they were most likely to catch rabbits asleep in their grass burrows.

Billy was compelled to melt snow from the drifts for watering the steers and for his own use. Never once during the days of his siege did he go about this necessary work without one or more gaunt, hungry brutes squatted upon the snow, at no great distance, eagerly watching his movements, and now and then ominously licking their chops.

The big brutes were of differing sizes and shades of color, resembling a pack of Indian dogs in that respect. Billy came to know individuals among them by their markings. One lank, old dog wolf of a brindle gray had but three legs, one foot having been removed, gnawed off doubtless, in a steel trap. This one hung about the stacks and shed most persistently. Doubtless he was a poor hunter, and the smell of the frozen beef yet remaining in the shed tempted the hungry creature hauntingly. Another wolf was nearly white a wild, yapping creature that would set upon the rise to eastward and howl dismally even at noonday.

The sense of being continuously watched and waited for by these uncanny, slouching, evil-eyed brutes, began at length to wear upon Billy's nerves. The sense of their presence sat with him, in his cabin, like a haunting nightmare, even when they were silent without. After some ten days of almost sleepless nights, and of watching and dodging out to work in daylight, the settler found himself without appetite, weak, almost prostrate, and with a queer "strained feeling" in his head. He believed he would have soon gone crazy—and no wonder!

But one evening, just at sunset, when

he was trying for the second time that day to force himself to eat, relief, sudden and joyous, burst upon him. The wolf pack had already gathered and were prowling about the cabin when there was a sudden popping of guns, followed by a mad scamper among the animals.

Billy ran to the door and outside to find a stricken wolf kicking upon the snow, and two shouting, hilarious young Englishmen from Fort Qu'appelle coming over the rise a few rods away. The men were on snow-shoes with packs on their backs and guns in hand. He instantly recognized them as two brothers whom he had met at the fort, waiting for business chances when the railroad should come on next year. They had located his claim upon their map and had declared their intention to pay him a visit—a promise of so little expectation that he had forgotten it.

He welcomed them joyously. A couple of hounds which they had with them rushed upon the dead wolf and worried the carcass savagely.

The young fellows had come all the way by racquette, and had slept the night before at an Indian village on the Saskatchewan. And so Billy's weary siege was broken. In fact it came to an end the next morning in an adventure almost breathlessly funny.

When the trio got up a little before sunrise, the persistent old three-legged wolf was lying out as usual in the shelter of a hay rick. The new comers' dogs, let out at the first opening of the cabin door, immediately gave chase. The two Englishmen snatched their guns and followed, whooping.

The hounds speedily overtook the lame wolf, but old three-legs was full of fight, and vicious. He pounced upon his pursuers, licked one of them in a trice, then flung the other down in the snow and literally began to eat the canine up.

One of the visitors, "Teddie," who ran the swiftest, overhauled the fighting animals and immediately tried to

get a shot. But wolf and dog were badly mixed, and, wanting to save the hound, the Englishman dropped his gun and pluckily flung himself into the mêlée.

He seized the wolf—which had its nose buried to the eyes in the dog's throat—by the scruff of the neck, with both hands, and gave a mighty backward yank. He was a stout fellow and tore the animal's hold loose, but in doing so lost his balance and sprawled upon his back with the maddened brute on top. Quick as lightning, the gritty Englishman threw his legs about the wolf's flanks and held old *lupus* in the grip of a trained wrestler. There was more than success in the "lock," too, for having secured his game the hunter dared not let it go, alive!

"Hi! Hi! Gawge! Gawge!" he shouted, "Shoot the bloomin' beast! Quick man; ee'll bite me, don't you know!"

But "Gawge," who had just come up was not of a disposition to attempt a perilous shot in such a crisis. Instead, the humor of the situation seized upon him irresistibly. He flung away his gun, in fact, clapped his hands upon his stomach and roared with laughter.

"'An-g to um, Teddie," he howled, "'An-g to um, boy, er ee'll heat ye hup!"

And then as the wolf snarled and wriggled, and Teddie grew fearfully emphatic, George fell upon the snow and kicked his heels in uncontrollable glee.

"Aw—aw—aw," he shrieked, holding his sides, while Teddie tightened his grip upon the wriggling brute and hurled expletives—"blawsted eediot," "bloomin' block'ead," and the like choice Anglicisms.

The hounds, having had enough in a single encounter, stood back, whimpered, and looked on with fallen chops. But Billy, who had had his eye upon the fracas, now came to the rescue with his ax-handle. Although immensely tickled and inclined to join George in a round of mirth, he managed a well aimed blow at the wolf's uplifted head.

and settled the matter. He was compelled to interfere, however, to save the helpless George a trouncing—perhaps deserved—at the hands of the irate Teddie.

As for the wolves, they were speedily

thinned out in the region of Pile of Bones creek. The Englishmen had plenty of poison and knew how to use it. In less than a month nearly half a hundred wolf and coyote skins hung about the walls of Billy's cabin.

## THE STORY OF MARGERY DILL.

BY LUCIA S. WILSON.

THE following letter was sent by the Virginia Company to the Council of Virginia:

LONDON, August 21st, 1621.

We send you a shipment, one widow and eleven maids, for wives of the people of Virginia; there hath been especial care had in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good commendations.

In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives until they can be provided with husbands.

There are nearly fifty more that are shortly to come, and are sent by our honorable lord and treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, and certain worthy gentlemen, who, taking into consideration that the plantation can never flourish 'till families be planted and the respect of wives and children for their people on the soil, therefore, having given this fair beginning; reimbursing of whose charges, it is ordered that every man that marries them give 120 pounds of best leaf tobacco for each of them.

We desire that the marriage be free according to nature, and we would not have those maids deceived and married to servants, but only to such freemen or tenants as have means to maintain them. We pray you, therefore, to be fathers of them in this business, not enforcing them to marry against their wills.

Of "the shipment" there was one whom the widow and the remaining ten maidens regarded with questioning but respectful gaze. This was Margery Dill, too old to be exactly a young maid, too sedate and stately to be the object of the good natured badinage with which the maids helped to pass the weary and oftentimes anxious days of the journey. She had majestic beauty and gentle ways.

Just why Margery Dill was going to Virginia, puzzled the brains of her companions to determine. Dorcas Dale had a firm conviction implanted in her small blonde head that Miss Margery was

going to convert the Indians. She sincerely hoped she would succeed in rendering these wild red men of the forest peaceable, tractable, humble. She wished Margery had gone a year or two before, that the work of conversion might have been complete, ere she trusted herself to their tender mercies.

Martha Wentworth declared that Margery Dill would never voluntarily look at an Indian, that in all probability she was going to nurse the sick of the colony, whereupon Dorcas shook her fair head most emphatically.

"Margery be too much grown for that," quoth she, as Margery's Amazonian stature came before her mental vision; "although," she added, "perchance it may be so; Margery is not given to merrying as the rest of us."

As for Margery herself, she seemed unconscious of the many comments and conjectures of which she was the object, but bore the tedium of the journey with calm patience, giving courage to the less brave of her companions.

Richard had said that he needed her, so she was going, that was all. Richard himself had gone two years before in the ship that carried the ninety young women. Since then, she had heard nothing from him, until just before her journey, when a verbal message had been delivered her by the captain of the ship, "Richard Pace needs you." That was nothing new, her step-father's son had always needed her; but it was enough—she would go to him.

The long journey was at last ended, and they reached Jamestown, the whole village being at the landing place to welcome them.

Margery's keen gray eyes scanned the excited throng, and finally rested upon the object of her search, Richard Pace, a man of about Margery's own height, with a pale, clean-shaven face. His countenance lighted up with a sudden smile, on seeing her familiar figure, easily distinguished from among the shorter of her sex. He crowded forward and took her hand in kindly and welcoming clasp.

"Thou art, indeed, a good sister," he said gravely, "to come so far to content you a brother's need." Then added, "Susan hath it that you are still in grim and beautiful Cornwall, loth to come to this desolate land, but I—have you." The sudden smile appeared again.

"Susan," began Margery inquiringly—Richard turned to regard her, his features grown gentle, though careworn.

"She hath been bedridden since thy namesake came, now three months agone."

Margery remembered the pretty, incompetent Susan, so eager to be one of the ninety young women two years before. The Susan, always good natured, caring only for trivial things, never desiring the same bit of vanity for long, constant only to one idea—the idea of being always with Richard. For this had she braved the perils of the sea, and tortures only possible to savage ingenuity.

Poor Margery, in thinking of these things, felt the defeat of human anticipation. Here was Susan whom Providence (Margery did not for a moment doubt it) had placed as Richard's wife to be a helpmeet for him in the wilds of Virginia—here she was, tied to her bed, unable to care for herself, or the babe vouchsafed to her. It was undoubtedly Providence's plan that she, Margery, should do the work she had supposed designed for Susan, to keep

Richard's house, and care for the new life whose frail existence emphasized the trouble lines in Richard's face.

While these thoughts came to Margery, Richard assisted her into his white birch canoe, and pushed off for the south shore of the river.

"Dost not live in Jamestown village?" asked Margery, looking rather apprehensively at the wooded south shore, where no sign of life could be seen.

"Nay, but two leagues to south of river," replied Richard, plying the oars. "There be ten cabins distant from ours no farther than a league, and Opecanough and his warriors be right friendly."

Nevertheless, Margery could not dismiss the fear of these creatures with tawny skins and jetty eyes, whose wild orgies and inhumanities were related at English firesides, and she was most sincerely relieved when their journey was ended and the little cabin reached.

Poor, sick Susan kissed her and cried over her with real joy. The neighbor woman and her husband (living a league distant) who had cared for Susan and the babe during Richard's absence, took their departure, and Margery began her work. She soon learned what that work was to be,—care for the house and baby, with occasional hunts for game.

As for Susan, no one but Richard could care for her; he it was who must arrange her meals at the bedside; he must soothe her poor aching body when pain was severe, and amuse her with funny stories when she called for them.

Margery was not gifted that way. As Dorcas had said, she was not given to "merrying." She was gentle and tender with Susan, but not amusing. The baby thrived under her care, and enjoyed her little life the best when being lulled to sleep by Margery, singing quaint little ditties that Susan thought uncanny. One, the mother feared, might be tempting Providence to take the child to Heaven.



It ran thus:

Sleep ye, sleep ye;  
May angels greet ye,  
On Nodaway's peaceful shore,  
And never, never wake ye,  
Lest Life's rough storm o'ertake ye,  
And ye rest ye in peace never more.

The winter wore away in hard monotony. Margery had grown practiced in hunting small game for food, and the active life made her strong. One severe ordeal she was obliged to undergo from time to time; the visits of a converted Indian named Chanco. The mere sight of a redskin drove the blood from her cheek and sent a thrill of horror through her. Chanco did his best to show his respect for her, but she felt a repulsion and fear toward him and his kind, that she could not overcome.

During one of Richard's visits to Jamestown village for supplies, he learned that Nemattenow, or Jack-of-the-feather, so called by the English from his fanciful head decoration, a restless favorite of Opecancanough, had been to the village, and going to John Morgan's store had asked his white brother to accompany him to Pamunkey to assist him in trade. Mr. Morgan, suspecting no danger, started with his red friend. A few days later Jack-of-the-feather appeared at Mr. Morgan's home, where two young men were working. John Morgan's scalp hung at the Indian's belt. But Jack was to suffer swift retribution. One of the young men shot and wounded him, when he was bound and taken before Governor Wyatt. Jack died begging his white brothers not to reveal to his tribe that he had fallen by a white man's bullet. Opecancanough was apparently friendly enough, but Richard feared treachery.

However, winter passed and spring came, and still good will and friendliness reigned supreme. Mr. George Thorpe had tried to insure peace with Opecancanough by building him a house after the English style, putting lock and key thereon. The delighted chief spent days in this house locking and unlocking his front door. No means of reconciliation were neglected.

March was bright and beautiful. The ice had floated from the river, allowing free transport in boats.

On the 21st, Richard was surprised by a visit from Chanco. In the early evening the Indian signed to Richard to come with him outside the cabin. The two men remained but a short time, then Chanco went away and Richard re-entered the cabin. Susan gave a stifled cry when she caught sight of his face. He went to the bedside, and laid his hand gently upon her forehead; stooping, he kissed her, and told her he must go on a journey. Her frightened eyes questioned him farther.

"I must leave thee with Margery for a few hours, and warn the people of Jamestown village."

Chanco had said that, on the morrow at noon, Opecancanough, and his warriors would avenge Nemattenow's death and satisfy their thirst for blood. The uprising was to be general—not an English hamlet would escape. Henrico, Pamunkey, Falling River, Jamestown, all were to be blotted out with blood. There was but one warning he could give—he could reach Jamestown in four or five hours, give the Governor word in time for him to make a defense, and be back in his own cabin by sunrise. He would first fortify his own home, and leave Margery on guard, and Susan must be a brave lass to be a help to Margery if need were. Chanco was their friend and would guard them as his own.

This was more than poor Susan could bear. She had borne her long illness, always hoping that when summer came again, she could be carried out of doors, till in the health-giving air, and warm sunshine, she could regain her lost jewel of health. Then, her hope and faith beheld her a strong, happy woman, always by the side of Richard, and the object of his love and care. And now this Richard, for whose sake, she had left her mother country, with whom she had shared the discomforts and anxieties of a pioneer life, her Richard

would leave her to face a death too horrible to contemplate, all for the sake of a miserable duty. How did he know Chanco would protect them? He was an Indian, and an Indian would scalp his best friend if opportunity offered, Susan knew it. If Richard went, Opecancanough would surely come, while if he remained with her, mayhap, the chief would pass them by. Then came to Susan all the horrible tortures that redskins delight to make their victims undergo before kind death came to their relief. She saw herself dragged from her bed, her flesh pierced with splinters of wood, which were set on fire. In imagination, she was dying a death of anguish. Mayhap, they would cut her in pieces with their murderous tomahawks; perchance, they might tear her flesh with red-hot pincers. These things had they done to others, why not to her?

Poor Susan, tied to her bed for eight long months, felt the blood run like fire through her veins, and her heart beat in great throbbing pulsations. Her weakness seemed gone, and she lifted herself on her knees in the bed.

"Richard," she wailed, "thou dost not care for thy wife; thy love is for naught but the world. Ye go to Jamestown village, where are hundreds of strong people, and leave thy wife. Nay," she cried, striving feverishly to struggle to her feet, while Richard strove gently to force her back, "thou'll not leave thy wife—and thou goest, Susan, thy wife shalt follow on after thee, an it please God, she'll die before the redskins find her."

Richard essayed to explain how he considered his home out of danger. Chanco would guide the warriors lower down the river, e'en as far as Hog Island.

But all in vain; if Richard went, Susan would go.

Then spoke Margery Dill:

"Content ye, dear heart, Richard shall stay and keep guard of his own. I will go to Jamestown village."

"Nay," began Richard, but Margery smiled and lifted her hand to interpose silence.

She would clothe herself in Richard's garments; thus attired 'twould be easier of concealment and speed, the two all-important things to consider. She knew where Richard's canoe was hidden under the bank. She could walk almost as fast as Richard himself, and might be back by sunrise. So, after brief debate, with an intense regret in Richard's heart, and firm insistence on Margery's side, it was thus settled.

Susan's sobs were hushed, and she regarded Margery gratefully, yet wonderingly.

Margery's farewell was hurried and slightly tremulous. Perchance she would not return to the little cabin at sunrise; she looked with intense longing at the dear brother, whose life was no easy task, whose weariness she would gladly lighten—then on his poor wife and infant so dear a care to him. Mayhap she would never see them again—but this was no time for such thoughts; only resolute action and keen sagacity could avail.

Clad in her brother's clothes, she slipped out into the darkness, thankful that the moon was obscured by heavy clouds, so that the gloom hid her completely.

For half an hour her speed was rapid, and she was scarce conscious of herself. She seemed to herself a shadow, an unreal something gliding along, silent, ghostlike.

Then, suddenly, a nervous tremor seized her, shaking her from head to foot. Did she not hear something? She stood still and listened; the black stillness was unbroken, save now and then the low sigh of the wind in the branches over her head. Margery strained her eyes into the darkness around her. It seemed to her excited fancy that a face leered at her from behind an oak not ten feet away; she could see his cunning, devilish eyes, the wicked triumph gleaming from them.



counting her his victim, a morsel of human flesh with power to suffer. Her own eyes dilated with fear till the white appeared around the iris.

Then, a reaction came; with a powerful effort of the will, she gained control of her faculties, resolved to look for no danger, but be ready for it when it came. She moved cautiously forward, gaining courage with activity, her naturally keen senses on the alert.

In reality, gaunt, pale-faced, haunting fear never left her for long. When, drawing a full breath, with a stronger sense of security, fear would cut the breath short, sometimes choking her. Her long, steady strides would become hesitating and weak.

But she strove against this pale-faced suitor with all the strength of despair.

At last, the river was reached. With the utmost caution, she loosed the canoe, slipped into it and pushed off. The tension of mind and body for an instant relaxed and she shook as with ague. She recovered herself, however, remembering that the broad, unfeeling bosom of the river might bear aliens—aliens to humanity who might even yet defeat her object, of saving her white brothers from red vengeance. So, grasping the oars with steady hands, she silently rowed to the Jamestown shore.

Concealing her canoe, she quickly made her way to the Governor's house. Sir Francis Wyatt, aroused from sleep, and learning that his visitor was Richard Pace, opened the door to admit her. Margery dropped into a chair offered by Sir Francis, who then searched in the cupboard for candles.

"I beg you, Sir Francis," said Margery, "make ye no light, lest the red avengers of Jack-of-the-feather do take note." So the Governor sat opposite his guest in the gloom of the early morning, and listened to her recital of the coming danger.

History says that it was this timely warning given by Richard Pace that saved Jamestown from utter destruction.

Sir Francis urged his guest to remain

with him, and not trust again to the woods, but with a quick, determined "I must get me home," Margery declined. She found her way to the river as the coming dawn had turned the black water to a deep gray, in the distance, not dividing it from the gray mist which hung heavy on its surface.

As she plied her oars cautiously toward the south shore, and drew near sufficiently to see the tops of the trees that border it, she saw death in her path. An Indian, taking an outlook from his point of vantage in a tree, scanning the river up and down, his keen eyes seeming to pierce the gray fog.

Margery saw herself the object of his notice. Instantly she changed her course. What should she do? He could be across to the Jamestown side before her; all retreat was cut off in that direction. Then she bethought her of Hog Island; there were friends there, could she reach it in safety. The fog became both friend and enemy, allowing her to glide into its misty depths, and swallowing up all traces of her enemy.

With muscles tense and nerves like steel, she rowed toward the island, forgetting to listen for her enemy's oars; one thought possessed her—to reach Hog Island and so escape Death.

If this last chance should fail, the cold gray river should save her from the wrath of devils.

The mist lifted a little and revealed to her two skiffs, not twenty yards away; an instant, and an arrow struck her white forehead near the temple, leaving a trickling stream of red that half blinded her. A cloud of arrows followed, their sharp points piercing her flesh in a dozen places. Standing up in her canoe, she faced her pursuers, her beautiful face pale with the pallor of coming death. Her mind was possessed with thankfulness toward a kind Providence who had allowed her to save her people, and then graciously suffered her to die by the mere graze of an arrow's point. A moment she stood thus, then faded from sight in the gray mist.

## META; A STORY OF THE BURNT WOODS OF OREGON.\*

BY LOUISA A'HMUTY NASH.

### VI. THE LITTLE SCHOOL-HOUSE ON THE HILL.

META walked hurriedly round by the county road, avoiding her Indian trail as if a cougar or a bear were prowling there.

She heard young boys' voices as she neared the school-house, and as she got nearer she saw the boys grouped on the outside of the building intent on a game of marbles.

Meta soon found herself in her seat and deep in the reader and speller, but anxiety as to whether or not she could effect the change of quarters she desired, prevented her taking hold with her usual avidity. When school was out and she was alone with the teacher she said: "I want your help to seek if you will be good and kind to me."

"Why, certainly, I will do what I can for you," thinking there was some language difficulty the girl wanted solved.

"I am in trouble, I want some place, some hotel in which to go. It is to me impossible to stay with Mrs. Klein longer. Can you tell me where I can a good place find? Can I go to your hotel? Will the house-mother take me in? I have no friends in your country, and I want my mother!"

Here Meta nearly broke down, but Miss Thompson spoke kind words to her, reassuring her that the neighbors were very kind and hospitable, and she would not want for friends.

So Meta took heart again and said, "Shall I tell you why I to your country came?"

"I think I know," said Miss Thompson. "Mrs Klein told the people where I am boarding all about you, but I did not know that you had changed your mind and were not happy."

"Then, I will tell it to you, as you are

so kind. They praised Mr. Bittel to me, and my mother was so poor and I wanted the little Fritz to keep to school, and I thought I should like him well enough. But there is noding between us—noding that I want to say of vat I tink and vat I feel. My *mind* must marry; my *heart* must marry, or I can no husband have. Mrs. Klein has been good, but she tinks I must marry Mr. Bittel because he three hundred dollars for me paid. I can work, I say, and I can pay him de money back."

Ida Thompson sympathized with Meta. She was older, and had had more experience in the world of men. She knew Hans Bittel, and she knew that any woman, provided she was not quarrelsome, would suit him. He was not capable of any communion of souls, but was on the lowest plane of the earth—earthy—and she did not blame the girl, with her nobler and higher aspirations, refusing to bind herself to such a clod. So she said, "Come home with me; I know Mrs. Martin will make room for you. Indeed you can share my room—if you will."

"Dank, dank you, from my heart, I dank you," exclaimed Meta.

So the two went home together, and the kindly, hospitable soul of Mrs. Martin went out to the poor orphan, a stranger in a strange land, fighting against a fate which she had ignorantly, but with pure motives, brought on herself. With a song of deliverance in her heart Meta again found her voice for song. She was often heard singing the *Volks lieder* of the Fatherland, with her clear soprano voice. "*Du, du machet mir schmerzen*," with its plaintive wail, and "*Es kaun nicht ja immer so bleiben*," with its don't-care tone seemed to be her prime favorites.

By day she was in the little school-

\* Begun in the February MIDLAND.

house, Ida Thompson's pupil. She, in her turn, became the teacher evenings, giving lessons in her own language to the little school-ma'am, and the daughters of the house.

This was all very well, but although Meta was spending no money for her living, none was coming in. After a few weeks of idyllic life and persevering study, she said, "Mrs. Martin, you have been a kind, good mother to me, but I think I must go now to the Waggoner's, where, by helping with the work, I shall earn money."

"I wish I could afford to pay wages myself, and then you might stay and help me. The work seems heavy enough at times with so many little ones to do for. I must not keep you when you want to be earning money, and the people there need your services."

Between the two girls had grown up quite a friendship. Their tastes agreed, and there soon ceased to be a language barrier to their confidences. Meta would say sometimes, "How could I be so foolish as to leave my home! What a plight I should have been in by this time but for such kind friends! He has not a thought beyond—well I don't know what—just getting a wife somehow, smoking his pipe, growing a few cabbages and a little oats, and shooting a pheasant now and again! I believe many poor German girls come over to marry just that sort of man, *'behute und bewahre.'*" Meta added, "You have no English that will say just what I mean."

"One thing, I have all the more friends in the world by coming to this country. I can't help sometime wishing a good fairy might have changed Hans Bittel into Herr Wolfenberg. Then it would have been quite different with me. We always seemed to have so much to say to each other, and every little trifling thing seemed to mean ever so much more, by just saying it to him, and everything he used to say to me meant more than just the mere words. I can recall, I do believe, every conversation we had together pacing

that deck. And he had such kind eyes that seemed to speak even more than words."

#### VII. A NEW LIFE.

True to his promise, Mr. Klein drove Meta and her belongings to his friend's ranch where she was to act as "help." The house was larger than most of the farm houses in the neighborhood. It was meant to take in a large family and as many hired hands as should be needed from time to time during a press of work. It stood on a slight elevation in the midst of a rich and verdant valley, at the confluence of three cañons, commanding views of all. The hills interlocked one another all down the open valley, ending in the grey soft outline of the Indian Reservation hills, out towards the Pacific Ocean. The valley had but lately been the favorite hunting ground of some of these Indians and they might have resented its being suddenly claimed by the white man, but they contented themselves with borrowing anything they happened to want, from matches up to a rifle, and expecting a meal whenever they put in an appearance and said they were hungry.

#### VIII. DENOUEMENT.

Sometimes in their search for the cruelly wandering cows the boys would "put out a fire" as they called it away up the cañon and often after many days it would reappear in dangerous quarters. One afternoon a column of smoke was seen curling up the valley, advancing ever nearer, with huge flames dividing the column, snapping at everything within reach. A dry wind from the rear drove it along and it became a "sirocco" in its journey. The cherry brush crackled and fell and the parched fern made an inviting pathway for the flames. Here and there a tall pole that had burned its heart out with the rest, years ago,—when the "great fire" occurred,—had life enough to catch again, and then it would stand belching fire

like a furnace chimney aflame, till at last there would be a crash and the old giant would be leveled to the earth.

Meta seemed to enjoy the excitement of a fiery day. It reminded her of charcoal burning in the woods at home, although it was so different. One day there was more than even the bargained fire. The men and boys were all away in a distant part of the ranch when the flames came rushing on. She worked hard with all the water at command, fetching it up from the creek, and tossing it by bucketsful on the roofs, for atoms of burning ashes filled the air, settling on roofs, fences, and everything else inflammable. At last the children succeeded in bringing back one of the boys, who coolly set to work and made a fire within a stone's throw of the house, that the big flames when they came, finding nothing to feed upon, might be stayed. Set a fire to fight a fire, is as much in order as: "Set a thief to catch a thief," and Meta clapped her hands with delight when the flame slunk down, cowed, and gradually burnt itself out.

But the great log fires, that all the whole household turned out to help on—they came later; the long, lumbering logs had been cumbering the ground ever since their fall scarred by the great fire of about forty years ago. The rains of winter and the summer sun had disintegrated them so that a child could part them with an ax. Then to pile them up, in successive bonfires, and watch the cheery sparks mount up into the darkness, and feel the warm glow in the cool night air, was one of the chief pleasures of the burnt backwoods.

Meta was busying herself one evening at one of these great log fires, with two of the youngest children away from the rest of the party, when she fancied she heard the bushes move in the direction of an unused old Indian trail near by. It cannot be one of the cougars the boys are so fond of talking about, for no cougar would be likely to come in search of a fire to warm himself by!

She stopped her work and listened. Yes, there was certainly movement among the underwood. "O, very likely an old cow coming home late for milking," she thought. No, beside the brush movement there was the sound of a footfall. One of the boys coming back from his hunt,—perhaps bringing another bear-skin, as George had done last week. As these suppositions passed through her mind, she determined to be frightened at nothing. She went on listening, however, in spite of herself.

Soon out of the darkness, into the light of her fire, stepped a stranger. He was not evidently belonging to the burnt woods, for he wore a light tweed country suit,—wore a necktie and a linen shirt, which latter articles of attire belonged to high days and holidays thereabouts. At a glance, Meta took all this in. It could not be, therefore, Hans, whose hateful presence still haunted her like a specter, although several years had elapsed since she had seen him.

"Don't you remember me," asked the stranger in the language of her childhood that greeted her ears like "sounds from home." A vision of Herr Wolfenberg, her ocean steamer friend, floated before her eyes. It was but the work of a moment for Meta to adjust the called-up vision with the manly presence before her—the features lighted up with her burnt woods fire—and lighted from within as well.

With the coy modesty of an old world maiden, Meta dropped her eyelids and said almost in a whisper, "I thought I had forgotten you, Herr Wolfenberg."

"That is what you thought, is it. But you find you have not quite succeeded in doing so, eh?" he rejoined as he took her hand in his. "I have had hard work to find you. The burnt woods nearly destroyed all trace or clue of you."

"But I can't imagine how you the way have found." The excitement of the moment precipitated Meta back into the German phrasing.

"Then shall tell you how I the way have found," he answered with a smile and a cheery quirk in his voice. "It was just your little old knitting pin, magnetized by that yarn stocking—which, bye the bye, is finished by this time, I hope."

(In fact, it had been laid by, as a keepsake and another one commenced in its stead.)

So saying, the Wolfenberg took out from his pocket a slender leather case and opening it, he said, "See, here is the bit of steel that found its way to the magnet." It is as bright as when it used to ply in and out of your fingers. Indeed I think it must have more power than when it first came into my hands. It was not talismanic enough to show me when you were hiding yourself on board ship when I wanted to say good-bye to you. No matter now; a "*Weider-scher*" is better than a good-bye, I think. "Do you not, Meta?"

A faint little "ja" was all he could hear; but it was enough.

And then he told her how he had long ago recalled, and had not been able to forget for a single moment, the address of the little wayside station which he had noted on her boxes on shipboard and how finally he had planned a trip to Oregon, ostensibly on business, taking the route that would include the aforesaid station, how stopping off there he had inquired among the few neighbors as to her

whereabouts, and what a long tramp he had had to reach that out-of-the-way ranche!

Her native sense of hospitality awoke at the thought of the long tramp, which she knew to be tiring even with a team, and so, overcoming her timidity under the new order of things, with an effort she said, "You must be tired; won't you come to the house and rest? Mrs. Waggoner always makes it pleasant for strangers."

"Strangers! Meta! I don't want you to class me among strangers. You seem to have lived in my heart ever since we met, and that is why I have come to you," he impetuously answered, as a fear possessed him, that Meta might, after all, have no responsive feeling in her heart, and might fly from his sight. A blaze from the burning log lighted up her hair, burnishing it till it looked to her lover like gold, and the rose-tints of her cheeks deepened, her eyelids drooped lower than ever with their long fringes quivering, and as her little figure stood there against the dark background of hills, Herr Wolfenberg was sure he saw a lovelier picture here than the Meta who had won his heart while on shipboard.

"Tell me little girl," he said as he put his arm round her, "that you have thought of me sometimes, too?"

"You have been in my heart ever since!" was her softly whispered answer, but it was enough.

THE END.

## GROWTH.

THERE ain't no man that watches plant and flower  
All through the seasons as they come an' go,  
From seed ter fruit, through tender leaf an' blow,  
But learns ter know an' reverence God's power.

Clarence Hawkes.

## THE IMPRESSIONIST'S SCHOOL.

BY MARIA WEED.

TO THE student of human nature, no occasion offers fuller and richer returns for time expended, than a day's journey in a railway passenger coach.

Once aboard, he adjusts himself to the prevailing conditions and takes a keen survey of his surroundings, that he may determine approximately, the amount and quality of the material at hand.

There are three types of "humans" who invariably interest the average traveler, and, if listed in the order of their importance to the general observer, would be catalogued as follows: Theatrical Troupes, Bridal Parties, and Babies.

To the "seeker after truth," exceptional attractions present themselves at rare intervals. Among these may be classed the occasions when one encounters a host of delegates returning from religious or political conventions. At such times, the car with its contents becomes the possession of these worthies, and an appropriative by-sitter is afforded a veritable feast of experience as a result of this privileged contact with the official guides of man's spiritual and worldly ambitions.

We do not favor the theory that a person's creed or principles can be determined by the shape of his head; but we are forced to believe that a great cause is strengthened and enriched by righteous and powerful advocates; and, after the elastic and hospitable "mantle of charity" has been stretched to its utmost capacity, there yet remains a pitiful throng of uncovered moral and mental weaklings, into whose keeping Church and State have entrusted the highest interests of humanity.

Not long since an opportunity was afforded me to study the *personnel* of a party of ministers returning from a

state denominational meeting. With few exceptions, the regulation black coat and white necktie identified them as preachers; but, without these necessary and appropriate adjuncts, a proverbial peculiarity of carriage and demeanor, would have suggested their calling. This unique quality is doubtless the outgrowth of a discipline which demands that they shall hold themselves in readiness to be "known and read of all men."

As they filed slowly through the narrow aisle and distributed themselves, with their belongings, into the vacant places, I fell to wondering who among them would avail himself of the half of my seat, which was unoccupied.

Suddenly a huge representative, whose rapid forward movement and backward glance gave one the impression that his head had been misfaced, halted in front of me, and recovering his normal physical relations, glanced at the seat and deposited himself therein, thoughtfully providing for his big valise by tossing it to the region designed for his nether extremities. Being a woman and afraid of lightning and all other forms of sudden death, I instinctively raised my feet, and an accident was thereby averted.

"A cat may look at a king," and with as little fear of discovery in the act as the animal mentioned, I glanced from time to time at my companion. He was tall, stocky, of florid complexion, with red hair and long bushy whiskers which harmonized with the prevailing tints, save in the center, under the massive chin, where they softened or mellowed into a dull yellow hue. His movements were alertly clumsy and his reversibility in the matter of changing his position filled me with forebodings, since in so doing he failed to consider either my comfort or my rights.



Once located, the delegation seemingly "resolved itself into a committee of the whole," and informal interchange of opinion became the order of the hour.

It was during this season that I learned the identity of my seatmate, who was none other than the Rev. Elihu Burnem of Puckerville, whose fame as an exhorter is too well established to require further mention.

A proper sense of his importance influenced him to remain stationary, while the other brethren flitted from one seat to another, recalling the points of common interest which the meeting had afforded. Mr. Burnem's opinion was solicited from all sides and his adjustable physique was equal to demands from any quarter. His stentorian utterances were heard in the remotest corner of the coach, above the din occasioned by the rapid transit.

At length a number of interested listeners grouped about this august personage and one and all congratulated him upon his sermon of the previous evening.

"It was just what the world needs," said one.

"Yes," assented another, "there is a baneful tendency upon the part of modern preachers to *entertain* their people; a disposition to evade the somber responsibilities of their calling and to neglect the doctrine of eternal punishment."

This last met with hearty endorsement.

"Won't the brother be good enough to rise and state his views so that all may hear?" called a distant admirer.

"Yes, yes," echoed the others, "Brother Burnem! Brother Burnem!"

Thus adjured, the reverend gentleman rose and stood with his back to me, that he might face his listeners.

"Brethren," he said—coughing impressively—"I was about to respond to an inquiry of Brother Little's, as to whether or no the doctrine of eternal punishment was sufficiently emphasized by the modern preacher. I am glad to

have an opportunity to make public my sentiments or convictions upon this all-important point and to put myself on record as advocating greater zeal in the matter of making prominent this much-neglected biblical truth. In my own experience"—another cough,—"*I have found that the keenest instinct in nature, namely: self-preservation, is the one most susceptible to the influence of fear, and I have known great good to result from a powerful appeal to a man's personal interests. Convince a soul that it is hopelessly lost and you have won that soul!*"

This fearless declaration was greeted with prolonged applause.

"What does the brother think of the despotic power of Habit?" called another enthusiast.

"Habit, my Brethren," responded the oracle, "is one of the agents of the Devil. A man who permits his appetite to control him is in bondage, aye, and a slave to the most insidious and cruel of masters. It matters not what form the fiend assumes, it is ever the same relentless tyrant, when it comes to the final settlement. If the money which is yearly emptied into the coffers of the saloon-keeper and tobacco manufacturer could be expended in the interests of foreign missions, the Christianization of the heathen might become a speedy and glorious reality! I have in my possession a pamphlet, which contains many valuable suggestions and statistics upon this subject. Ah, here it is!"

In his haste to extract the document, prudence forsook him and his impatience had its price; for with the booklet came also a *package of tobacco!*

The force of its expulsion carried it over two seats, where it fell at the feet of an elderly man, whose interest in the proceedings had been evidenced solely by the close attention which he had paid to every word of the late speaker.

During the momentary excitement and confusion which followed the exposure of another's weakness, he quietly possessed himself of the offending object and without a word, deposited it in his



pocket. Then, with a commanding gesture which silenced the few witnesses of his brother's debasement, he rose, and faced his colleagues with a countenance glorified by the divine halo, Christian Love, and thus addressed them:

"Brethren, I have listened attentively to our brother's views upon the doctrine of eternal punishment, and I shall try not to trespass upon your generosity, in stating mine.

"As all may see, my days of service in the Master's vineyard are well nigh spent; but experience counts for something; indeed, it is God's trainingschool, where men are fitted for a higher sphere.

"In my work I have found that there are two biblical facts which are to be used sparingly in both the church and the home. These are: Damnation and the Rod. I learned this lesson early in life and an experience of nearly forty years in the ministry has strengthened my convictions.

"The revelation came through my little boy, who possessed a sunny but wilful disposition. One day his mother left him in my charge, and for some reason he obstinately refused to obey me. I was aghast on discovering his determined resistance, and after resorting to every expedient in my power, determined upon a punishment sufficiently severe to compel submission.

"The lad faced me as he would have confronted an antagonist, every fibre of his little being resenting my attitude toward him. It was, in truth, *my own will*, in the boy, which defied its counterpart in me.

"At this juncture, my wife appeared. She looked like an angel as she stood upon the threshold gazing at us with an expression in which surprise and concern were equally mingled.

"Without a word, she listened to my account of the trouble, while her solicitous gaze never left the face of her child.

"When I had finished, she said:

"Leave him to me for a little while."

"I was only too willing to yield my position and stepped into an adjoining room, where I could be an unobserved

listener, and this is what I heard:  
"Come to mamma, dear."

"Then followed a shuffling sound which indicated reluctant compliance. I knew that she had gathered the boy in her arms while she reviewed the matter in detail, giving his conduct the full measure of censure and loyally representing me as the most long-suffering, indulgent, and reasonable of parents. Still there was no response or shadow of turning in the culprit.

"I drew nearer and saw her look of anguish as she quietly released the child from her arms, and stood him before her; then placing her hands beneath the set and rigid chin, she lifted his face until their eyes met.

"'Jamie,' she murmured with infinite tenderness, 'do you want to break my heart? I have done nothing, yet you force me to suffer with you; for every blow which papa will inflict upon your little body, will strike me! Ah, where is my gallant knight, and is this the manner in which he protects his mother?'

"In another instant a pair of arms encircled her neck and a childish voice, tremulous with adoration and repentance, cried:

"Mamma, mamma, I will be good!"

"I stood aloof, for what right had I to share in the rapturous conditions which had rewarded her efforts?

"Ah, my brethren, it is only *heart* service which is abundantly fruitful! Let us work to discover the *best* in mankind, for there is no soul so depraved that it will not in time uncover its best in response to kindness. You may dwell upon such themes as: 'The Wrath of God' and 'The Satisfaction of Divine Justice,' and reap a limited harvest; but one sympathetic tear or hand-clasp 'in His name' is worth a volume of such sermons!"

"L—— Junction, change cars!" shouted the brakeman.

As I left the car, I took one last look at the Christ-like disciple and mentally thanked God for His ample vindication of His true followers and this glorious revelation of *the divine in man*.







## DRAKE UNIVERSITY.

BY MARY A. CARPENTER.

### I.

THE State of Iowa is justly proud of her waving "fields of tasseled corn," her rich autumnal harvests, her lowing herds, her wealth of coal deposit. But her special pride is her strong men and women who are successfully conducting the affairs of the State, or are faithfully serving the wider interests of the Nation. She is proud of her newspapers; she is proud of her state institutions and her golden-domed capitol; she is proud of her public schools, and their wide reputation for thorough work; she is proud of her colleges and her universities, for these are they which foster robust characters in her citizenship.

Among the youngest educational institutions in Iowa is Drake University, founded in 1881. The noble man whose name she bears has been her greatest benefactor. While Gen. Francis M. Drake made for himself a distinguished war record, and while the State of Iowa two years ago placed him in the highest office within the power of her people, and while honors in many ways have been bestowed upon him, we believe that nothing in his life has brought more satisfaction and gratification to him than the founding and upbuilding of Drake

University. He sees in that a perennial fountain of blessing to Iowa and the West. His warm heart has been touched, as he has from time to time visited the school and been greeted by cheer upon cheer from those who are enjoying the benefits of his liberality. "It is the best investment I have ever made," General Drake has been heard to say. "Not only because I am assured that I have in every man and woman who has attended the University a warm friend, and because I am permitted to see already good results of work being done, but the grand possibilities and the promises for the future were reward enough for what I have been permitted to do, even could I see no immediate fruits."

It was this firm faith in the future that led the founders of this institution, in self-consecration and with unswerving purpose, to lay foundations broad and deep; for Drake University was not planned to serve for a day, but for generations, and the devoted men who formulated and shaped those plans knew that their work must be but the substructure upon which they believed others would build in grandeur, and strength and beauty.

The name of D. R. Lucas, now of

Indianapolis, Ind., at that time pastor of the Central Church of Christ of Des Moines, and that of George T. Carpenter, are associated with the name of Francis M. Drake, as the founders, although to the noble band of men and women who labored with them much credit must be given. Chancellor Carpenter devoted his entire time to the school until his death, July 29, 1893. And while a low, granite stone marks

Twenty-fifth and Twenty-eighth streets, with University avenue on the south and Carpenter avenue on the north. At that time the city was not built up west of Twenty-second street, but the University has proved a nucleus around which for a mile or more in all directions attractive homes now stand. The rapid growth of this part of Des Moines is a surprise to those who had not visited it for a few years. The electric



THE MAIN BUILDING.

his resting place in quiet Woodland, we who knew and loved him best like to feel that Drake University stands a lasting monument to the tireless devotion of the best years of his and many another life so gladly spent in its behalf.

Those who selected the grounds for the University chose what proved to be a most desirable spot. The grounds are located in the extreme northwestern part of Des Moines, lying between

street railway passes the buildings, and gives excellent service.

The campus is a charming place in the summer season, shaded as it is with natural forest trees, and beautified by the hand of a landscape gardener. The University greenhouse, on the campus, makes possible earlier flowers and bright foliage in the spring, and provides palms and other decorations for the winter.

Here are the names of the life mem-

bers of the board of trustees. These are the largest contributors to the University, and its steadfast friends:

F. M. Drake, Centerville; Samuel Merrill, Rialto, Cal.; George A. Jewett, Des Moines; I. H. Shaver, Cedar Rapids; Mrs. Matilda Dodd, Jefferson; C. F. McCarty, Jefferson; Mrs. Mary McCarty, Jefferson; Lewis Harvuot, Pandora; Mrs. Sallie E. Harvuot, Pandora; J. B. Burton, Kellogg; R. T. C. Lord, Des Moines; J. F. and Lizzie Ferrell, Creston; Mrs. D. D. Van Meter, De Soto;

Jefferson has yielded another generous friend of the University. Mrs. Matilda Dodd was one of the first women in Iowa to give \$10,000 to its endowment.

General Drake has served as President of the board of trustees from the first, and, with the exception of a few years, Mr. George A. Jewett, of Des Moines, has been the faithful Secretary, for whose deep, unflagging interest Drake University ever must be a debtor. The other members of the present executive



SCIENCE HALL.

Mrs. Z. T. Dunlap, Des Moines; T. W. Phillips, New Castle, Pa.; A. C. Bondurant, Bondurant; Isaiah Biggs, Iowa Falls; J. M. Owens, Des Moines.

In the recent death of Mrs. Mary McCarty, the wife of C. F. McCarty, of Jefferson, Iowa, the University lost a staunch friend. The Mary McCarty Chair of Semitic Languages is a monument of their generous interest in the institution. A beautiful service was held in the University chapel in memory of this exemplary Christian life.

committee are D. R. Ewing, L. Higgins, W. E. Coffin, Dr. I. N. McCash and Chancellor Craig.

When the board of trustees last spring secured William Bayard Craig for the Chancellorship, it was deemed a happy day for the institution. Chancellor Craig is eminently a general of forces. He possesses rare executive ability, is a man of affairs, with a spirit so buoyant and hopeful that not only is he a mighty inspiration to those with whom he associates, but with this





THE UNIVERSITY PLACE CHURCH.

inspiration is linked a determination that brings success wherever success is possible. Chancellor Craig is in every sense a cultured, Christian gentleman of broad scholarship. He completed his course at Yale after graduating in Iowa State University. He holds the Doctor's degree from the State University of Colorado. Never having given to any cause half-hearted service, he has taken up the duties of his office in a manner indicating that he *believes in Drake University* and her great possibilities, and is convinced that she will in the years to come achieve successes yet greater than those in which she rejoices to-day.

The University is denominational only in the fact that it is controlled by the "Christian Church" in Iowa, and that a helpful, religious sentiment is dominant.

## II.

Drake University offers complete courses in the College of Letters and Science, the Bible College, Normal and

Academic, Schools of Oratory, Art, Music, Commerce, Pharmacy, Medicine and Law.

Prof. Bruce E. Shepperd, an instructor in the school from the first, excepting two years spent in universities of Europe, upon his return home last fall was elected Dean of the College of Letters and Science.

Dean Harvey W. Everest, of the Bible College, has occupied for years a preëminent place among educators. A man of broad culture and profound scholarship, he was brought to this work from the Southern Illinois Normal College, where he had served as President for a number of years.

Prof. Ed Amherst Ott has won for the School of Oratory an enviable reputation, and has built up perhaps the most popular school of the kind in the West.

The Art school is very happily under the direction of Mrs. Emma Pickering Shepperd who, after studying for a number of years with Des Moines artists, spent two years in New York City, and last year in travel and study in Europe.

Prof. J. A. Strong is the successful director of instrumental music, and Mrs. Celeste B. Givens, well known to Des Moines and Iowa people as a cultured artist, has charge of vocal music. Mrs. Givens has spent much time, at home and abroad, in the study of her chosen work.

Principal Angus McKinnon receives credit for a very successful business college.

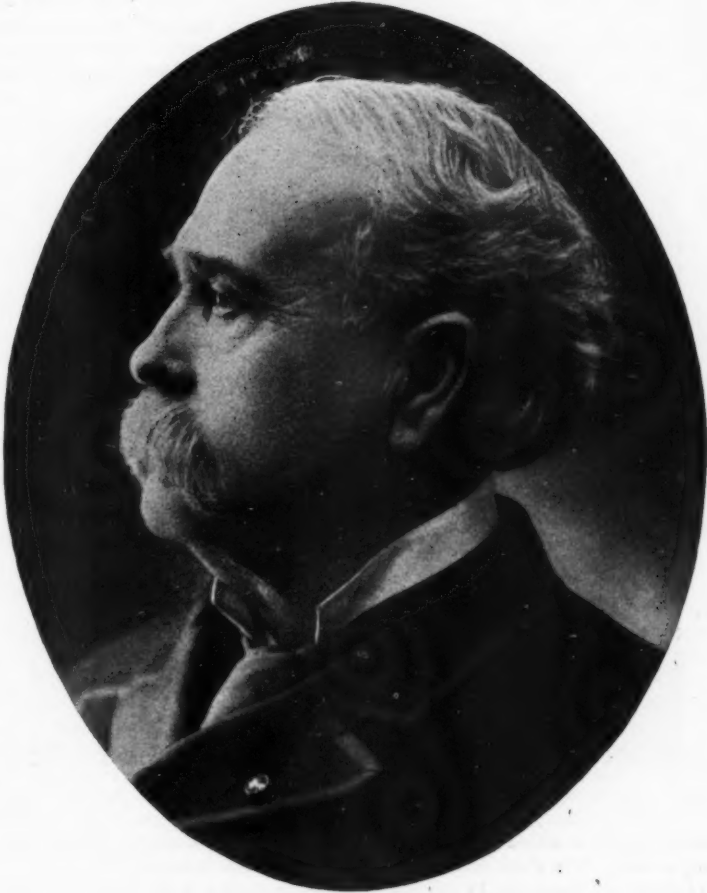
The Pharmacy department, under Dean Weber, is sending out competent, practical pharmacists. The Medical and Law departments, for their greater

convenience, occupy buildings in the business part of the city.

Dr. Lewis Schooler is Dean of the Medical school. Lectures are both clinical and didactic. Facilities for

gical clinics are held before the classes continually. The professors in charge are experienced teachers and operators.

The law school, known as the Iowa College of Law, has been attended with



EX-GOV. FRANCIS M. DRAKE, PRESIDENT OF BOARD.

clinical teaching are not equaled in the State. In addition to a well patronized, free dispensary connected with the college, there are three weekly clinics at Cottage Hospital. Medical and sur-

great success. The Dean, Hon. Chester C. Cole, came with seventeen years' experience in law schools. He is a man of national reputation, having served on the Supreme Bench of Iowa

for many years, for two terms its Chief Justice. It is much to commend the school, that the students who complete its course never fail to be admitted by the Supreme Court to the practice of law. It is also to its credit that judges of the Supreme Court, and prominent lawyers of the State place their sons under the instruction of Judge Cole. It is conceded that this city is an ex-

cellent place in the State affords like advantages. In this city are held the great political, business, religious, and educational gatherings. The Legislature, the State Library, one of the largest in the country; the free City Library, the largest in the State; magnificent lecture courses, the artists of the stage, many of the world's famous singers—all these are to be enjoyed in Des



CHANCELLOR GEO. T. CARPENTER, 1881-1893.

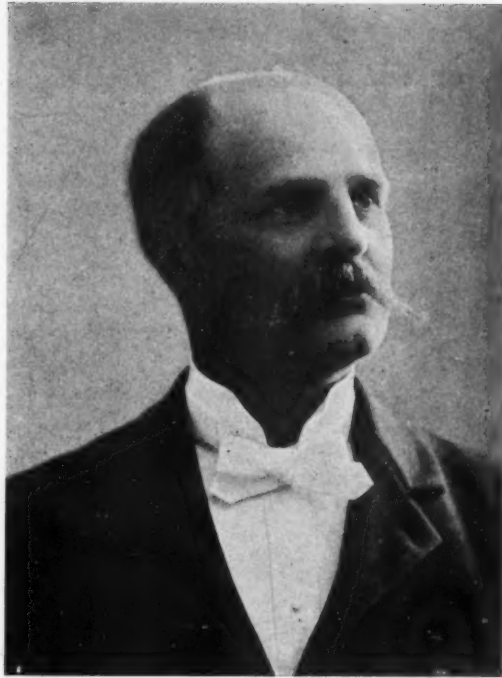
cellent place in which to pursue the study of law. The Polk county bar is the largest and strongest in the State; here the Supreme Court sits, also the United States Circuit Court and the District Court at stated times. Here, too, the laws of the State are made.

Des Moines has become a city of colleges, and every year proves the wisdom of this natural selection, for no other

Moines. Educators no longer hold to the idea that the young men and young women should be educated in an out-of-the-way place with nothing to divert their minds from their books. The promising student of to-day is keeping in touch with the world. He is reading the dailies and the magazines. He is hearing the platform orators, and is coming in contact with eminent men

and women as much as possible. He is inquiring into business and legislative methods, for whatever will give broader views and stir deeply has a tendency to develop the sleeping forces of character.

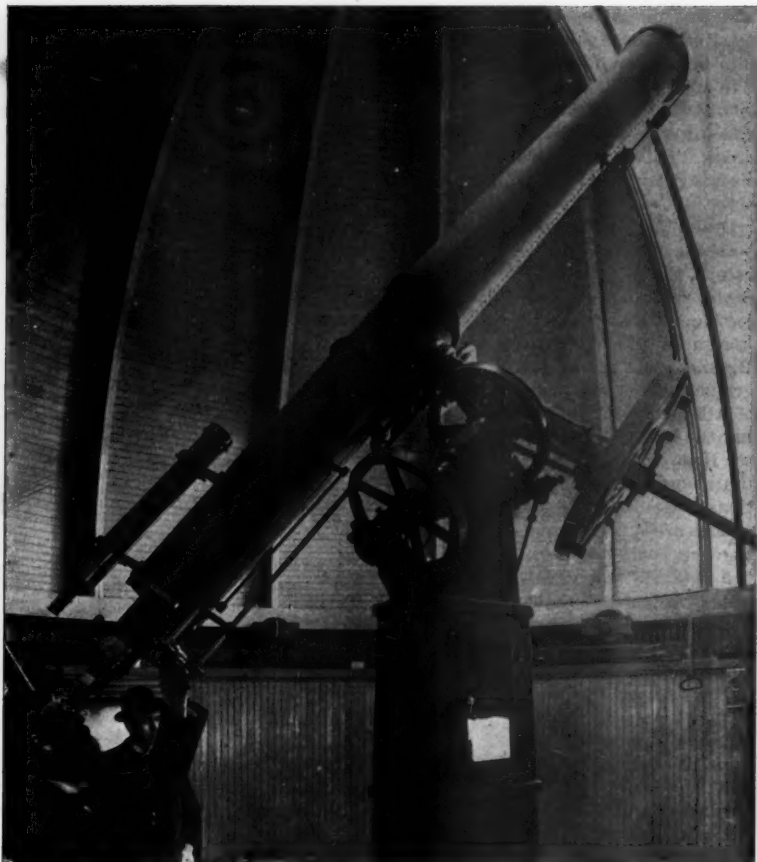
Drake University is the possessor of a very fine telescope, the largest in the State, with an 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch objective. The glass is known as the Hastings-Brashear; having been ground by Mr. Brashear, of Alleghany, Pa., following the formula of Professor Hastings, of Yale. In their work the usual positions of the crown and flint glasses are reversed, placing the concave lens on the outside. The Hastings-Brashear glass has become quite celebrated for its great strength. The telescope was mounted by Warner & Swasey, of Cleveland, the best known workmen in America. They mounted the Lick telescope and the Yerkes. The attachments which Prof. W. A. Crusinberry now has are a helioscope, a micrometer and photographic appliances. The telescope and attachments were presented by the man who has always been generosity itself, not only toward the institution which bears his name, but to every worthy cause. Professor Crusinberry, the instructor in mathematics, reigns supreme in the dome where the telescope stands, and has been exceedingly kind to students, people from the city and visitors, in spending many of his evenings with them, allowing them to view the heavens, while he answers their many questions, gladly aiding them to something of a knowledge of the study he so much loves.



CHANCELLOR WM. B. CRAIG.

Prof. Charles Kinney, in charge of chemistry and physics, is an expert chemist, holding a diploma from Drake University, and having done two years' advanced work in Massachusetts School of Technology and two years in the University of Chicago. Last summer Professor Kinney was employed by Des Moines to analyze the water supply, and is now doing like service for a projected system, in the city of Los Angeles, Cal.

Dean Hill M. Bell, with a broad reputation as a school man, is building up a fine normal department in Drake University. The ability, experience and energy brought to his work make him one of the most popular professors of the University. The Summer School of Methods, to be conducted by him in



THE TELESCOPE, DRAKE UNIVERSITY.

July, will be largely attended. He will be assisted by home forces and eminent educators from a distance. University Place is especially delightful in the summer. Those who come for study not only have the advantages of the summer school, but may enjoy the Midland Chautauqua course and other attractions. Teachers, high school students desiring to make up studies in order to enter university classes in the fall, and many others come to Drake University, where the entire four or

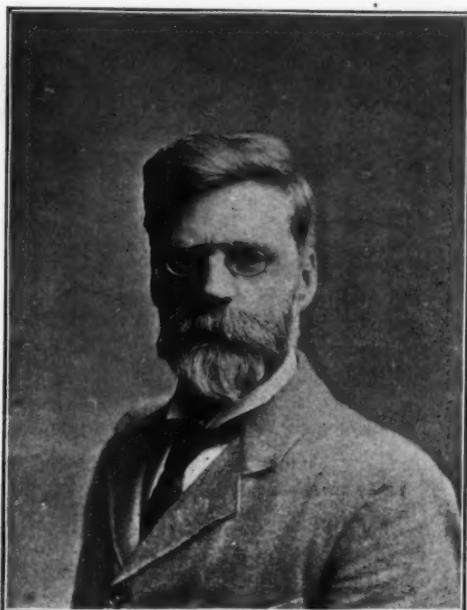
nine weeks, as the course may be, can be given to methods, under Dean Bell and his assistants; biology and geology, under Professor Ross; mathematics, under Professor Crusinberry; German and French, under Professor Zepter; Greek and Hebrew, under Professor Morgan, or Latin, under Professor Denny, whose Summer Latin School has carried his name far beyond the borders of Iowa. Those desiring oratory will find a masterly teacher in Professor Ott.

By taking advantage of these summer

schools in connection with the spring term's work, students are enabled to bring up the deficient studies and save valuable time.

### III.

Believing that students do better work when large numbers do not room in the same building, the University has no dormitory. Abundant and pleasant accommodations are furnished in the homes of the community. Students are accorded the privileges of these homes, and comply with the general regulations of the school, which regulations, at no time onerous, the families kindly co-operate with the school authorities in enforcing. Board at moderate prices can be had with private families if desired, or meals may be taken in one of the many boarding clubs. At the clubs, plain, wholesome food is provided at figures surprisingly low. Cer-



PROF. BRUCE E. SHEPPERD,  
Dean of College of Letters and Science.

tainly, there are two things always expected from a boarding club member:



CHEMICAL LABORATORY.



first, that he file complaint against the bill of fare not later than the second week of his membership; second, that he eat three hearty meals a day, the school year through, and every Sunday



DAVID R. EWING,  
Vice-President Board of Trustees.

afternoon write his parents that he is actually starving to death! However, not having been informed that this is true of Drake University boarding clubs, and, on the other hand, having heard many kind words concerning them, we infer that they are happy exceptions.

The young women find in Mrs. Hattie Moore-Mitchell, professor in the Normal department, an ideal preceptress, one who takes a motherly, we might better say sisterly, interest in them; for Mrs. Mitchell is a young woman, though of much and highly commended experience as a teacher, and possessing a rare, personal magnetism, which draws students toward her and wins their confidence at once, so that they at no time want for some one to whom they can go for advice. The young men have a like friend in Professor Mitchell.

#### IV.

Wise, Christian parents, watching their boys and girls rapidly growing into manhood and womanhood, say to each other that their children must have the best educational advantages of which their means will permit. But

they ask the questions, Can we afford to place our sons and daughters in a school, the moral and non-religious influence of which may perchance undo years of careful home training? Can we run the risk of our son, whose religious convictions are not pronounced, coming back to us more indifferent or quite alienated from the church? Many a student has gone from Drake University saying that it is much easier there to do right than wrong, for to do wrong a man must breast an exceedingly strong current. The whole atmosphere is moral and religious. For this, much credit is due the great University Place Church and its spiritually-minded pastor, Dr McCash. It is a Christian community, built up of Christian homes and filled with Christian people. The school is undenominational in the sense that it does not bind upon the student any religious obligation, nor enforce attendance upon any religious service. All creeds, all faiths are welcome, and are represented in the student body. Also among the faculty are members of various denominations. Every student follows his own individual pleasure as to where he shall attend services on



Geo. A. JEWETT,  
Secretary Board of Trustees.

Sunday. Even attendance upon chapel exercises during the week is not rigidly compulsory; but the students *en masse* attend by choice, deeming it perhaps the most enjoyable half hour of the day.

The Y. M. and the Y. W. C. A. are two very prominent factors in the school, as they are in every city, town and educational institution the world over, where a live, active organization is found. This statement, however, is unnecessary, for Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. stand for a broad, liberal, common-sense, Christian activity which has been a benediction to the world from the day George Williams first gathered into his narrow, London room, a few working friends for prayer. In the main building of the University these two organizations have an inviting reception room. They greet all new students, give an informal reception at the beginning of every term, furnish attractive lecture courses, have charge of the athletics, and in very many ways serve the best interests of the young men and women of the school.



HILL M. BELL.  
Dean Normal Department.

teen members. The University already has three missionary representatives in Japan, two in China, one in India, one in Persia, two in Denmark, and a native worker in a Chinese mission in Portland, Ore. Among the students this year is a Chinaman, also a Japanese, a Persian, and a native of Athens.

#### V.

A spirit of mutual helpfulness permeates the school. Faculty and students seem co-workers to a degree that bridges over the usual and undesirable gulf lying between instructors and pupils. This condition fosters reverence and love rather than fear and consequent obedience, simply because obedience is required. The student body feel that their relation to the faculty is such that they can with the



W. E. COFFIN,  
Treasurer Board of Trustees.

There is a volunteer mission band organized among the students, with six-

greatest freedom, consult its members concerning their plans. The plans may pertain to sports, social functions, school work proper, or it may be a life-work; but they will be given a kind hearing. Even though the project may meet with strong disapprobation, the student goes away feeling that he has in his instructor, a sympathizer, a friendly counselor, and one who is, in a true sense, interested in him.

and women, and contributes in no small degree to the high ideals entertained by the students in general. When men and women are placed upon their honor as gentlemen and ladies, rather than under school restrictions, discipline is reduced nine-tenths, and they receive benefits which will cling to them through life. The strong, rugged personality of the student is allowed to show itself and develop; curbed only



ON THE DES MOINES RIVER.

This nearness of faculty and student may tend to lessen deference on the part of the pupil for his superior, and, at times, this freedom may manifest itself in a degree so marked that it might presage disrespect, to a straight-backed stranger. But I know of no time when advantage of this familiarity has been taken; but, rather, warm love is accomplishing what cold deference never could do. This independence, I believe, produces self possessed men

when necessary, but not crushed, to the lasting detriment of the man. That which is most desirable and best comes to the surface in every instance, in this manner of treatment, and a man of individuality is thus developed, who knows the better how to cope with the world outside. At all times the faculty has desired to build up independent, self reliant men and women who, thinking for themselves, are able to contend for what they believe to be right. The

confidence thus placed in the students has called out special efforts on their part to make themselves quite worthy of the same. This has been shown many times during the past year, when, at the instance of the Chancellor, the morning chapel exercises have been put into the hands of the different classes, and conducted by them, from first to last, in perfect order, the latter half of the hour, the time usually given to a lecture from some prominent invited speaker, filled with jolly class songs and brief, witty

men from the popular college of our sister State met three of Drake's strong men, to prove that "The initiative and referendum, as carried out in Switzerland, should be adopted in the United States, with such modifications in minor details as would adapt it to our peculiar needs." Mayor MacVicar, of Des Moines, acted as moderator for the evening. The judges were Prof. David Felmey, of Normal, Ill.; Dr. J. H. Moore, of Kewaunee, Ill., and Dean Amos N. Currier, of Iowa City. It was



A HOME ON THE AVENUE, DES MOINES.

speeches, making the occasion intensely spirited.

There are five thriving literary societies, with tastefully and richly furnished halls. Every student is required to become an active member in one of these societies, or in one of the debating clubs, or to do special literary work.

One of the most important events of the year has been the Drake-Monmouth debate, which was held in Des Moines on February 11th, and which created far more than usual interest. Three strong

a contest of quick, logical thought and pleasing oratory, from beginning to close. And while Drake, on the negative, wrested victory from her guests, throughout the spirit was so kindly that the visitors left Des Moines expressing a most cordial feeling for Drake University.

Rejoicing over this triumph was still at high tide when the State oratorical contest in Indianola, February 24th, won additional honors for this institution, her orator, Mr. F. C. Aldinger,

coming home wearing the laurels of victory. This makes the third time the University has had occasion to rejoice over first place gained in the State oratorical contest during the few years of her membership in the association.

The victories which call out mind against mind, and strength and beauty of expression against strength and beauty of expression, are the victories which the authorities of the school

of a college man's training as philosophy; but always with the paramount thought that they are a means, not an end.

As to physical recreation, ample provision is made. Athletics are under the direction of the Y. M. C. A., and the physical director is a gentleman who countenances nothing but that which is pure and wholesome in connection with their sports. In the Science Hall



HOME OF CHANCELLOR CRAIG, UNIVERSITY PLACE.

especially prize. The faculty encourage the developing of muscle, they admire fleetness of foot, and spur on their athletes to do their very best when athletics is the feature of the day; but the track and the diamond are only helps, which quicken the eye and stimulate the brain to more rapid thinking, and give back a sound body, or they have failed of their aim. Athletics in moderation do all this and serve no mean purpose, and should be as much a part

is a well-equipped gymnasium, furnished with lockers and baths. Good track and grounds adjacent to the building are used in out-door work. During certain hours each day the young women occupy the gymnasium, under the direction of a competent woman director. Tennis also affords the men and women recreation during the spring and fall.

The loyalty of her students and alumni has contributed much to the suc-

cess of Drake University. The alumni are not only loyal, they have the vigor and enthusiasm also that belong to prosperous plans. Plans are already maturing for improvements in the buildings, and for large additions to the endowment and equipment.

Des Moines is a city steadily growing in wealth, influence and beauty. It is a city of homes. In such a place our American civilization ought to develop its finest fruitage. All of Des Moines' resources enrich the endowment of the University and also exact of the institution which would win its praise and allegiance, that it be eminently worthy of its rich setting.

There will be an increasing number of generous hearts in this Midland region, anxious to have a part in the upbuilding of a living monument like Drake University, to perpetuate their love and good wishes for the State that has enriched them. There is room on the campus for many memorial halls and monuments of philan-



F. C. ALDINGER.

thropy. There is room on the list for many named funds in connection with



GRAND AVENUE HOMES, DES MOINES.



the endowment of the various chairs. These are the rewards of success.

There is a bequest of \$25,000 to the Medical department; \$10,000 will be available this year. This, with the property now in hand, will, it is thought, make it practical to erect a new medical building the coming summer. The ablest physicians in a state naturally gravitate to the large cities. Des Moines is an excellent location for a great medical college. With a new and well equipped building, the department can realize high ideals.

The late Chancellor Carpenter said in the Iowa state convention of 1892: "Let us think of such a university as having a million of productive endowment, at least a score of substantial buildings, a strong faculty of a hundred

members, many thousand dollars' worth of apparatus and libraries, and annual enrollments of from one to two thousand students." Already the enrollment has reached the thousand mark and is moving with accelerated motion toward the point that seemed far distant when the hopeful words were uttered. Long before Des Moines doubles its present population, and it will do that, the University will double the present enrollment, the tide of prosperity now murmuring on the bar will rise and fill the bays, the productive endowment will be quadrupled and the far-reaching influences for good to the youth of the land places the University among the foremost philanthropies of the Trans-Mississippi region.



THE DES MOINES RIVER IN WINTER.





## URSUS.\*

### I.

*S*ILENCE as of death the circus holds,  
And hushed the shouts that erst were as the roar  
Of raging seas; mute aye each heart enfolds;  
Each looks to each, and inly questions o'er  
What wonder still great Cæsar has in store—  
He at whose nod the lion's savage might  
Has rent the flesh which human mothers bore;  
Molossian dogs have feasted as their right,  
And human torches lit the pitying night.

### II.

As breaks the roll of seas on quiet sands,  
At length the murmur, rising wave on wave,  
When in the vast arena now there stands  
The Lygian Ursus—Christian captive—slave,  
Mid all that throng alone, unarmed, to brave  
Whate'er his fate or Nero's will, decree:  
Than those vile dens—more louthsome than the grave,  
Those dens whence now he came, thrice best it be,  
E'en lion's jaws, so death bring liberty.

### III.

The trumpet calls. Suspended is each breath  
As swift yon ponderous gratings backward slide,  
And from the dark *Avernus*, grim as death,  
And tossing wild his horns from side to side,  
The maddened Aurochs, 'mid whose shaggy hide,  
And on the massive head, now held on high,  
A fair, unconscious form, securely tied,  
Now Ursus sees—and one upheaving cry  
E'en reaches skyward, in its agony.

### IV.

Though Nero's captive—Lygian princess she—  
Child of his chief, to Ursus' soul most dear:  
Great God! For her such gross indignity!  
Come life, come death, hell's torture, heaven near,  
His strength shall save her—it is sovereign here.  
He wails—the fair nude form is onward borne:  
With each swift stride the savage brute draws near;  
An iron hand now grasps each gleaming horn,  
To loose their hold when death their strength has shorn.

### V.

Upon the giant arm each muscle stands  
Like gnarled oaks; and now his breath draws deep;  
His feet sink lower in the yielding sands:  
In vain the bull essays one maddened leap;  
His hold—till death—that strength superb will keep.  
"Ye Gods!" the Tribunes and Pretorians cry,  
As slowly, surely, those Herculean hands  
The massive head upturns, "the brute must die,  
The Lygian slave has gained the victory!"

### VI.

Aye, and he has. To those wild shouts that thrill,  
And through all echoing space with triumph ring,  
Now must there yield e'en Nero's tyrant will,  
For here the people rule, and strength is king.  
As Ursus' trembling arms uphold his offering—  
His life—his queen—he does their mercy crave,  
That they from Cæsar mercy's signal bring.  
'Tis done: the sceptre bends: Rome lauds the brave  
And greater here than Cæsar, is the slave.

Beatrice Harlowe.

\*Awarded the prize for the Best Original Poem in THE MIDLAND'S January Competition.

## Woman's Club Department.

BY HARRIET C. TOWNER.\*

THE program prepared for the biennial meeting of the General Federation, to be held in Denver next June, promises to be of unusual interest. The program will show the present status of the club movement in the United States, and will place before the federated clubs in a complete and orderly manner that which has been accomplished during the last biennial period. The work of the various departments will be considered, existing problems will be discussed and remedies suggested, and the best thought relating to every phase of club work will be presented. Whether a club is working along literary, artistic, economic, philanthropic, or educational lines, its representative at the Biennial will be able to carry home to her club a summary of the results attained in each department.

Open discussion of living questions will be a feature of the program, participated in by women of mature thought and experience.

In charge of the educational department will be kindergarten, kitchen-garden, and physical-culture exhibits from the city schools. The social features will be many and varied, and will do much to bring into personal relations the women of the East and West. Below is given

### THE TENTATIVE PROGRAM:

Monday evening, June 20, 1898, Board meeting.

Tuesday morning, June 21, Council meeting.  
Tuesday afternoon. 1. Conference of State Presidents, in Brown Palace Hotel, Mrs. Henrotin, Chairman.

2. Conference of State Chairmen of Correspondence, in Denver club house, Mrs. Breed, Chairman.

Joint conference of the above, in Denver club house, Mrs. Henrotin, Chairman.

Topics for discussion: 1. The relation of general and State Federations. 2. The coordination of educational forces. 3. The income of general and State Federations.

Tuesday evening, social meeting of the Board and Council.

\*Communications intended for THE MIDLAND'S Club Department should be addressed to Mrs. Harriet C. Towner direct; her address is Corning, Iowa.

Wednesday morning, June 22, in the theater, Mrs. Henrotin, Chairman.

Addresses of welcome by the Governor of Colorado, the Mayor of Denver, Mrs. E. M. Ashley, for the State; Mrs. S. S. Platt, for the Women's Club of Deaver. Response by Mrs. Henrotin.

Report of Recording Secretary; report of Corresponding Secretary; report of Treasurer; report of Auditor; reports of committees.

Wednesday afternoon, in Denver Women's Club, The Home.

Wednesday afternoon, in Broadway theater, Phases of Economic Work in Clubs.

Wednesday evening, Education, Miss Annie Laws, Chairman; four addresses; music.

Thursday morning, June 23, Civic Clubs and Village Improvement Associations, Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, Chairman.

Thursday afternoon, in Broadway theater, The Library Movement in the United States.

Thursday afternoon, in the Denver Women's Club, Mrs. Henrotin, Chairman, The Press.

Thursday afternoon, receptions in private homes.

Thursday evening, in Broadway theater, Mrs. C. P. Barnes, Chairman, Uncut Leaves; Music.

Friday morning, June 24, in Broadway theater, Miss Margaret J. Evans, Chairman, educational conference.

Friday afternoon, in theater, The Industrial Problem as it affects Women and Children; conference of Art Clubs.

Friday evening, in theater, Mrs. Alice Ives Breed, Chairman, Art and Utility.

Saturday morning and afternoon, June 25, excursion.

Saturday evening, in theater, Mrs. Philip N. Moore, Chairman, Folk Songs of America.

Sunday morning, June 26, pulpits of the city churches occupied by women appointed by the Biennial Committee.

Sunday afternoon, children's meeting; two addresses and music by the children.

Sunday afternoon, vesper service.

Sunday evening, in theater, Mrs. E. Longstreth, Chairman, three addresses on "The Spiritual Significance of Organization," and national songs.

Monday morning, June 27, in theater, Mrs. Henrotin, Chairman, report of Nominating Committee; election; new business.

Monday afternoon, in Denver Women's Club, Mrs. Cyrus E. Perkins, Chairman, informal conference on club methods.

Monday afternoon, in theater, conference of Literary Clubs in three departments; literature, travel and history classes and current events.

Monday evening, in theater, address by Mrs. Henrotin; introduction of new officers; resolutions; social meeting.

Work for 1898-99 is already being discussed, and program committees will soon be at work on outlines of study for the next club year.

Clubs planning to begin the study of Shakespeare or English history will find a group of studies prepared by Mrs. Mas. E. Morris, of Berlin, Wis., president of the Wisconsin Federation, very valuable. The little brochure consists of a "Course of Studies in English History, Illustrated by Legendary and Historical Plays of William Shakespeare." The author says in her preface that the group of studies were originally prepared for the use of the Athena Society, of Berlin, which began in 1890 the study of English history by periods, in association with Shakespeare's historical plays, using also the legendary dramas, which serve to indicate manners, customs, conditions of the people, or ethical principles.

The outline begins with Early Britain, in connection with a study of the tragedy of "King Lear."

The era of Roman occupation is associated with the drama of "Cymbeline," while the Saxon and Danish periods are illustrated by Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," Tennyson's "Harold," Bulwer's "Harold," and a study of the tragedy of "Macbeth."

The Norman period and that of the early Plantagenets are carefully reviewed in connection with "King John," Tennyson's drama of "Becket," and the novels of Scott bearing on the Crusades.

The plays of "Richard II," "Henry IV," "Henry V," and the trilogies "Henry VI" and "Richard III" are especially well adapted to this plan of study, and the historical connection is carefully preserved in the outline. The Tudor epoch is illustrated by Shakespeare's "Henry VIII," with Tennyson's "Mary, Queen of Scots," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," and Schiller's "Mary Stuart" as collateral reading. Many suggestions are given for the benefit of clubs which may find these outlines adapted to their needs, and a club desiring to carry out a study program of this nature will hardly find a better guide.

Clubs for working girls have passed entirely the experimental stage, and have become permanent and successful institutions. The first of these clubs was formed about fifteen years ago upon a non-sectarian, self-governing, independent basis, and has been a model and pattern for all later societies. In some of these clubs women who have leisure to give to the forming of libraries, arranging classes, securing teachers, and other details, unite with the

girls, sharing the duties and responsibilities of the organization. Experience has shown that there is hardly a limit to the amount of helpful work that can be developed by those who have time and ability to give.

One of the papers read at a convention of working girls' clubs in New York contains this suggestive paragraph: "We believe that the woman who is placed beyond the need of working for her daily bread has really received her wages in advance, and so is under greater obligation to work for the good of others than the rest of us." Quietly, and with self-forgetfulness, many women who have "received their wages in advance," are giving their time and energy and most intelligent thought to building up and making these clubs for busy women of still greater value.

A number of letters have recently been received relating to the organization of new clubs. It may seem to many that the history of women's clubs has reached a point where the development and expansion of those already formed must supersede the forming of new clubs. But clubs are still being organized and the newer ones are fortunate in being able to profit by the experience of their older sisters. New clubs, as well as those of wider experience, will find the little book by Olive Thorne Miller, "The Woman's Club," a useful and practical guide. The book was published in 1891, but is not as well known as it should be. Mrs. Miller says in her preface that old club members may find her suggestions unnecessarily minute, but asks them to remember that the book is not primarily for club women of experience, but for those who are just beginning. The book begins with an earnest plea for the club as evolved from the home, the author believing that the housewife of a hundred years ago, absorbed in the cares of her small world, directing its varied industries, spinning, weaving, cutting and fashioning garments, putting down provisions, and personally superintending the processes of what are now a dozen distinct trades, was the true ancestor of her club-making daughter of to-day.

Mrs. Miller notes the gentle processes of nature in this evolution from the devoted housekeeper of a past generation to the club woman of to-day, but she says "let us not forget that while housekeeping may be a declining art, homemaking is an advancing one." A club woman of wide experience herself,



the author's many suggestions for the founding and conduct of clubs are based upon a thorough knowledge and appreciation of varying conditions. She describes clubs of widely varying types, among them Sorosis, of New York; the New England Woman's Club, of Boston; the Fortnightly and Woman's Club, of Chicago; the New Century Club, of Philadelphia; the Saturday of Columbus; and the Seidl Society of Brooklyn. A model constitution and code of by-laws are given, which may readily be modified to suit different needs.

NEBRASKA . . . The coming Exposition is a subject of great interest to the club women of Nebraska, for the success of which they are working as a unit. Women have charge of the Educational Department of the Exposition. There is to be a children's building for which the little folks in every school in the State are saving their pennies. The object is to have a home for children on the Exposition grounds filled with everything that can interest and amuse young people, and where they will be taken in charge and entertained. Mrs. Frances Ford, of Omaha, is at the head of this enterprise, and as a consequence she brings to her aid the whole army of enthusiastic club women throughout the State. The Ashland Women's Club gave a delightful entertainment the evening of the 24th of February, consisting of a parlor lecture held at the home of Mrs. J. C. Railsbach. The speaker of the evening was Mrs. Belle M. Stoutenborough, the State President, and her subject was, "Two American Women." In her earnest manner she drew such a vivid word picture of the lives of Maria Mitchell and Harriet Hosmer that it was an inspiration to her audience; after her address she gave a short talk on physical culture, and demonstrated her manner of teaching the art. The gentlemen friends of the club were guests of the evening, and after the close of the program refreshments were served, and an informal social hour followed that will leave a bright impression on the minds of each participant.—*Mrs. D. C. McKillip.*

Many letters are received from readers of the Club Department asking for facts with regard to the growth and development of women's clubs, and it has been thought that some of these questions might be answered by printing each month a few statistics relating to clubs in general.

The G. F. W. C. was organized at a meeting called by Sorosis in New York City in May, 1889. The first biennial meeting was held in Chicago in 1892, the second in Philadelphia in 1894, the third in Louisville in 1896, and the fourth will be held in Denver in June 1898.

The number of clubs belonging to the General Federation as reported at the last biennial meeting was four hundred ninety-five with twenty-one state federations. This number included two clubs in India, one in England and one in South Australia.

Maine was the first state to form a state federation. Iowa came next and Massachusetts very soon after.

The Iowa Federation was formed in April, 1893, and was the first to join the national body.

The Texas State Federation of Women's Literary Clubs, though one of the youngest of such organizations, stands second to none in the energy, enthusiasm, and ability of its women. Organized last year at Waco with a membership of nineteen, it has grown to include thirty-six clubs, with a list of fifteen applicants to be admitted when the Federation shall meet at Tyler in April. Considering the long distances to be traveled in attending the annual conventions, and the remoteness of many of the clubs one from another, this appears a most remarkable record. With an average membership of thirty to sixty in these literary clubs, the work accomplished by the club women of Texas is a constant surprise in view of the short time since clubs began to exist in this wide-expanded commonwealth and the incompleteness of most material things in the State.

Dallas, Fort Worth and San Antonio vie with each other in population, wealth and advancement; Sherman, with its four great denominational and numberless private and public schools, claims to be the Athens of Texas; but it is the glory of Denison that its XXI Club, one of the most enthusiastic federated clubs, owns an elegant club house valued at \$11,000, a fine piano, and a library of 1,200 volumes. Four members of this club are appointed annually to serve in rotation as librarian two afternoons each week, and more than 500 volumes per month are

taken out by Denison readers. An excellent system of committees carry forward the varied work of the club, whose members anticipate the development of their library into a free public library supported by the city. Many talented musician-are members of this Denison club, and music is one of the prominent features of its programs. Mrs. Lily B. Hathaway is President of this club, whose membership is at present limited to sixty-one. The women of this enterprising Texas town have a generous patron and benefactor, W. B. Munson, who gave the site for the building, \$4,000 toward its cost, and \$500 for the purchase of books; but to the earnest and able women who compose the club belongs the honor of a most courageous achievement.

The Shakespeare Club and the College Hill Literary Society, both of Sherman, are doing thoroughly good work. The former is a federated club, but the latter has not yet found it expedient to join the sisterhood.

Typical of what the Woman's Club may signify in the social and intellectual life of a town is the work of the Denton Shakespeare club, of which Mrs. W. A. Ponder is President. For several years this club, which began as a purely social venture, calling itself "The Ariel Club," has studied the plays of the great bard most thoroughly and conscientiously, weaving into their study history, biography and dramatic criticism. Home, school and social life have all felt the stimulus of these club studies, and only those whose lot is cast in a small town remote from centers of culture can understand what a blessing such a club may become.

As Fort Worth is rapidly forging ahead in hope of becoming the Chicago of the West, so its literary clubs are found to be in the front rank of the great club movement. The Wednesday Club of Fort Worth is honored in having an unusually large number of scholarly and thoughtful women in its membership, among whom is Mrs. J. C. Terrell, the Vice-President of the Texas State Federation, and to whom, as much as to anyone, perhaps, is due that organization. That the women of Fort Worth are eminently active, progressive and earnest is evidenced not alone in their literary clubs, but in their free kindergarten association, their Rescue Mission for fallen women, their W. C. T. U., and other philanthropic associations.

The Texas State Federation, under the wise generalship of its gifted and

lovable President, Mrs. Edward Rotan, of Waco, and ably seconded by its capable Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. D. Thomas, of that city, has undertaken to interest the women of Texas in the study of Household Economics by a series of home congresses for the discussion of practical themes. Plans are also under way for the promotion of public and traveling libraries. The women of Texas, from Denison on the North to San Antonio on the South, are eager to secure for themselves and their children the best possible facilities for growth, and they will not be left behind in the onward march of the club movement. Dallas has many literary clubs. Tyler, Corsicana, Austin, Houston and Galveston all are experiencing the beneficent influence of their work.

#### ORGANIZATION OF SMALL TOWN LIBRARIES.

##### I. SELECTION OF ROOM AND REMODELING.

If it is a circulating library the building should be situated in the heart of the town, and on the ground floor, both as a matter of convenience and as an advertisement.

The room should be adapted to the possibilities of growth. Besides which storage, readers, and administration must be considered. As the first has the least to do with the public it may be considered last. Remember to use all available wall space. As to the readers, they must be given the best possible light, with magazines and newspapers easily obtained. The reference room should be in a quiet place, and near the stacks if you have access to shelves; and do make a strong effort to have open shelves. If your trustees argue that it will require more assistants to keep the shelves in order, and also greater expense in the loss of books, you can reply that less help is needed than would be required in the case of closed shelves to bring books to the borrowers, and much more satisfaction is given. Libraries that have tried the open shelf system report small loss, and incomparable benefit to the people,—some of whom are able, for the first time perhaps, to know books through examining and comparing them; and in studying a subject it is of great value to be able to freely compare different authorities. In looking up reports of libraries using open shelves, I find an increase in better grade of books used and a decrease in fiction, also a visible

increase in the knowledge of books, and an idea of class continually growing! Cleveland public library with open shelves saves four salaries, or about \$2,000.

As to arrangement of room, have loan desk as near the door, and as far from reference room as possible; that is, in a position to command a knowledge of all people going in or out of the library. Never have an exit remote from the loan desk unless there is an assistant in charge in that part of the room. Have the card catalogue placed where it is accessible to public, catalogue's and loan desk, and have an explanation near the catalogue to facilitate its use.

## II. FITTINGS AND SUPPLIES.

Considering shelving as being the most important necessity in the fittings of a library, material must first be decided upon. I am taking for granted that the small town library cannot afford to order anything so expensive as the steel stack and, for the sake of economy and to make good feeling, will order through a local dealer. Of the material, oak is best, ash next. The cases should be of uniform size, plain in style, and adapted to hold both large and small books; and great care should be taken to have the dimensions such that there will be no sagging under heavy books.

The standard measurements are:

Eight inches high from floor to top; 4 inches of this is base, 4 inches in cornice; 5 tiers; uprights 2 inches thick; thickness of shelves, 1 inch.

Shelves: Length, 30 inches (holds twenty-five books); height for 8vo. 10 inches. 4to. 22 inches, folio 16 inches, depth, 8 inches; counter ledges 30 inches from floor.

The loan counter, office desks, and chairs should be of good material, and so made that they may be considered permanent and need not be changed should the growth of the library require different quarters. As to furnishing of the reading and reference rooms local conditions must govern the choice, although I think not infrequently a cheap choice is made, and a year after the trustees are regretting that standard articles were not bought instead. If the floor is not covered have your chairs rubber-tipped. As to other equipment, there are the catalogue cases, charging cases, with supplies of all sorts of cards too numerous to be mentioned. From one librarian interested in organizing I had a letter suggesting an article on the subject of "Supplies," with a goodly list of pens, ink, pencils, blotters, maps, step-ladder,

fly-paper, and soap as a great help to the inexperienced but lofty-minded organizer who, having ordered all supplies, started to work with no tools save books and shelves.

## III. ORDERING.

Necessarily before ordering, the amount of money to be expended must be considered. It has been estimated that a well and judiciously selected circulating library with such reference books as are necessary, will cost on the average \$1.25 per volume.

Having consulted with the book committee and decided how much money is to be expended, it is necessary to consider how this shall be proportioned among the various classes. In the circulating library which is a new feature in a town it is necessary to popularize, and in this, fiction plays an important part; this list should be strong and wholesome. The reference department should be equally strong, but the librarian can allow himself more time here, and he can safely limit the first order to those general reference books which are necessary as a ground work upon which to build. Gradually he will collect sets of magazines, invaluable in this department. Sometimes these may be picked up at remarkably low figures, at auction sales, or they may be bought reasonably through the Boston Book Co., in Boston, Mass.

Of the other classes try to buy proportionately, and in making additions do the same, that the collection may make a well rounded whole. A great aid to this is the A. L. A. catalogue, of the model \$5,000 library at the World's Fair, which may be obtained through the U. S. Bureau of Education. Annotated lists are also of value.

The list being prepared, there is a question of where the order shall be placed. Patronize local dealers if possible; it helps them and it helps the library, in making good feeling for it. Avoid cheap books and irresponsible book-sellers. A librarian who is now organizing in Michigan wrote me in great consternation because the chairman of her book committee insisted on buying second-hand books through an unreliable firm, because he could get three for a dollar.

In a small library when the book fund is exceedingly limited I should advise that great strength may be gained through a representative number of newspapers and magazines, so that in this way you may hope to reach all with something of special interest to each.

*Virginia Dodge.*

[Miss Dodge will continue her practical suggestions next month.]

## HOME THEMES.

### THE EASTER STORY.

Adown the years there comes to me  
That story sweet and olden,  
When Heaven's gates were open wide,  
And through its portals golden—  
Bright angel forms came floating down  
With messages of gladness,  
Full of such resurrection joy  
They scatter gloom and sadness.  
Within the lonely rock-bound tomb  
The Lord of Life lay sleeping,  
The heavy stone was placed and sealed,  
While guards were vigils keeping.  
But, ere the third day's dawning, lo!  
The angel forms came flying—  
On through the blue expanse they sped  
To where the stone was lying.  
They quickly rolled it from its place,  
And opened the darksome prison,  
Then, folding their bright pinions, hailed  
Their glorious Lord *arisen!*  
For all who mourn, for all who weep,  
This resurrection story  
Should light earth's darkened skies with hope  
And gleams of coming glory.  
O! flowers that greet the Easter morn,  
O! earth to life awaking  
After thy long, long wintry sleep,  
The icy fetters breaking;—  
O! joyous Spring, O! blossoms sweet,  
To us, ye are the token  
That life shall spring from seeming death  
As lips divine have spoken.

Mrs. W. C. Gunn.

### MOTHER'S WILL-O'-TH'-WISP.

Sorting school books old and grim,  
Tracing names and dates grown dim,  
Work round which fond memories play  
Fills the mother's hands to-day.  
One small reader, dog-eared, worn,  
Pencil-marked, begrimed and torn,—  
Smiles or tears, ah! which shall win?  
As the mother looks within?  
There his name, with zigzag lines,  
All around the margin twines:  
"If my name you wish to see,  
Turn the page to thirty-three."  
Swiftly turns the torn leaves o'er,  
Finds the page and reads once more:  
"If you seek for name of mine,  
Turn the page to ninety-nine."  
School-boy wit,—an age condensed  
Surely here is recompensed  
By the mother's puzzled face,  
Seeking still a clue to trace  
To the child, or elf, or sprite,  
Gliding just beyond her sight—  
"If my name you do not find,  
Shut the book and never mind."  
Will-o'-th'-Wisp in blouse of blue,  
Mother has at last caught you;  
Giggling laugh and dancing feet,  
Merry shout o'er joke complete,  
Sees and hears, but caught at last  
Wants to hold you close and fast,  
Take you in her lap once more,  
Sort the bulging pockets' store,—

Wash and kiss the dirty face,  
Touch the short curls into place,  
Button shoe and smooth the tie,  
Hear you tell about "hi-spy,"  
Call you "rogue" and "little sham,"  
Give you cookies, bread and jam,—

Pauses, smiles, while tear-drop falls;  
"Bread and jam in college halls!"

Albina Marilla Letts.

### THE WISE MAN AND THE FOOL.

There was once—long, long ago—a man who was reputed to be possessed of great wisdom and foresight. His possessions, got by a long life of careful speculation and prudent saving, were of great extent,—so vast, indeed, that in a days' ramble it would be difficult to walk entirely around them.

It chanced that a poor fool came trespassing upon the wise man's territories on a pleasant summer's day, and, wandering about through a wooded tract, discovered the owner of the land seated at the foot of a large oak in seemingly despondent meditation. Thinking to be rebuked for his trespass, the fool was turning to steal away, when the wise man, discerning his intention, hailed him.

"Whither wouldst thou, knave? what fear hast thou?"

"Alas, master," quoth the fool, fawningly, "hide me not for my intrusion. Thy lands and possessions are so great that a poor fool, wandering from Birth on the highway of Life, must needs pass through them. As for my destination, dear master, 'tis but the destination of all—the grave."

"Thinkest thou thy grave will be large, fool? Will't be adorned with monuments and flowers? Art thou not foolish to thus roam about, calling no spot thine own in which to rest thy bones when thou art dead?"

"Nay, nay, fair sir, an' you pardon me. The whole wide world's my home; the sod my pillow. I ask no better. As for my grave, 'twill be a close six feet, the same as any man's, unless, perchance, they bend my bones and make it five. I beg no more; and as for monument, I need it not. 'Twould but obstruct the light from sun and stars, which, as I love them while I live, I fain would have watch over me when I am dead."

The wise man sat amazed, and, desiring to draw him out still further, he

waved his hand with pride across his broad domains "Faith, man, it takes but little to make thee happy. Wouldst thou not like it if I should set thee apart a tract of some ten acres for thy care and attendance till thy death?"

"Nay, master, 'twould be kind; but I could never think of bothering my poor brain with great possessions—'twould make me die before my time; and, even then I would but own the poor six feet I now am certain will be mine some day."

So passed the fool along, leaving the wise man seated at the foot of the oak wrapped in meditation.

*Robert C. McElravy.*

"ALL'S WELL."

As a usual thing, it is not deemed advisable to dwell upon defeat, but rather to emphasize that quality of energy which is crowned with success.

Experience, however, appears and proclaims that "some things are more easily said than done," and announces this adage as the offspring of trial and failure.

Moralizing has its drawbacks, like everything else. One is too apt to have a monopoly of interest in the subject under discussion and it is usually his fate to discover that the companions who started with him upon the journey toward conclusion, have been outrun and left far behind, not deeming the problem to be worth the time and exertion required in reaching it.

If personal chagrin and disappointment were the only results of this indifference to the vital questions of our day, the matter might be charged to selfishness, and the account closed; but Eternal Justice or the voice of God, declares that injury to one ultimately ends in injury to all, and that a single note of discord mars the perfect harmony of His will concerning man.

In our money-getting age, even time has its market value and the individual

who donates his leisure to a thought, counts the cost and expects credit for it. The consequence is that the "live issues" of the hour receive divided homage and immature judgment is the result.

This in turn develops a sort of distorted observation which magnifies the unimportant into the all-powerful, and when the mists of excitement clear away, behold, what had seemed a giant truth or impulse is found to be only a "solemn trifle," solemn, because of the lavish expenditure of enthusiasm wasted in the service of a modern Baal, whom honest investigation proved to be as deaf as his illustrious predecessor, to the needs of the children of men.

Thus the moral world reflects the conditions of this aggressive period. It, too, demands rapid transit and palace coaches; it will brook no delays and is intolerant of discomforts. Experience is bound hand and foot and "memory is lost in the tyranny of the present." Ah, "Watchman, what of the night?"

"All's well." This on-rushing torrent of mental energy is a sign of promise. Check and defeat are the tests through which new thought must pass before it is fitted to fulfill the "mission whereunto it was sent."

Would you learn how to discover the spurious element which always bears some resemblance to truth? Then follow the example of the little boy who observing the dismay of an old hen whose brood numbered as many ducks as chickens, drove them to a neighboring brook and then cried: "I'll frow'em all in, chickie, and if they swim, they's ducks." Truth will ever keep its head above water!

The starward gaze sees the heavens written o'er with promises and reads in the "glory beaming star" the assurance that the Spirit of Truth, whom the world may neither recognize nor receive, will be revealed to the conscientious and intelligent seeker, and abide with him.

*Maria Weed.*







A RAY of sunlight enters the dingy window of a tenement house, high up under the eaves. It dances over the blackened walls, creeps along the bare floor, and rests for a moment upon the bowed head of the mother, watching beside her dying child. Then it returns to the outer world, caressing as it passes the pale buds of a lily in a broken jar—a lily blighted even in the hour of bloom.

"Mammy—" How faint the whisper! But the ears of love are quick to hear. "Tell me—Mammy—are—my lilies opening?"

"Darling, the cruel frost has touched them, as it has you, my precious blossom—Oh, God, could not she have been spared?"

"How pretty they—are—Mammy—all white—and—shining—and so many—Look!"

And by the smile on the cold, white lips the mother knows that her blossom is blooming with the Easter lilies in Paradise.

J. Torrey Connor





## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

### GRANT IN DES MOINES.

THE most interesting contribution to *The Century Magazine* for March is to us, naturally, the story told by Hon. Jas. S. Clarkson of the circumstances under which General Grant made his now famous Des Moines speech. The occasion was the 1875 reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. Mr. Clarkson was then editor of the *Iowa State Register* and Des Moines' postmaster.

The President found the Des Moines editor one of his own kind—a man of few words when occasion suggested reticence, and yet delightfully communicative and interesting when drawn out from behind his intrenchments of reserve. During his three days' stay in Des Moines the President found the postmaster's private office a refuge from the crowd, where he could smoke his cigar undisturbed by admiring handshakers. One afternoon, after a rambling talk, the President said he had never had any difficulty in writing his ideas easily and quickly: "But," he added, "when I get upon my feet to speak, everything I know seems to go down into my boots." He then asked Mr. Clarkson to read and criticise a manuscript of six or seven pages which he drew from his pocket. He remarked that this time he was going to fool the boys by not declining when called on him for a speech. He said he had long had in his mind some things he wanted to say on the public school question. He had intended to put his views in his last message but forgot to do so. It had occurred to him, the subject called back by the public schools he saw while riding about Des Moines, "that Iowa was a good and fitting place in which to give these utterances out to the public." So, while in his room at Judge Cole's he had written these pages and he wanted the editor of the *Register* to

"look them over and criticise them and make any suggestions freely."

He couldn't have submitted the manuscript to a more discerning critic. But the critic found nothing to suggest. He handed the manuscript back saying, "I have not the ability to criticise a line, a word, or breath of that speech; and I do not believe the man lives who would have the impudence even to attempt to do it." And he added, "In my opinion, Mr. President, this will prove to the people of the future republic the greatest and most useful of all your utterances. It is an actual gift, not alone to the American people, but to all the world; and as a citizen of Iowa, I am proud that the name of this State is to be associated with such a great message to all the people who love liberty."

The President's reply was in these characteristically simple, and earnest words:

"It is a subject on which I feel deeply, and it is time public thought and public conscience were both more thoroughly aroused regarding it."

After some revision, he folded the sheets and put them back in his pocket and said, "Now that is ready for the boys to-night and the people to-morrow."

Mr. Clarkson relates that in the evening, when called upon as usual, General Grant surprised everybody by starting for the front of the stage. Shy as a school-boy, he began to hunt in his pockets for his speech. Finding it, he started to unfold the manuscript, but his hands trembled and he dropped the scattered sheets. "General Sherman and the secretaries helped to gather them up, and then he read them to the three thousand people present, half of whom found difficulty, even in the stillness of an unusual time, to hear all that he said."

FACSIMILE PAGE FROM PRESIDENT GRANT'S DES MOINES ADDRESS.  
From Annals of Iowa for October.

The free school is the promotor  
of that intelligence which is  
to preserve us, <sup>as by our Nation</sup> If we are to  
have another contest in  
the near future of our  
<sup>national</sup> existence I predict that  
the dividing line ~~is not~~ <sup>will</sup>  
~~to~~ <sup>not</sup> be Mason & Slidens  
but between <sup>patriotism &</sup> intelligence on  
the one side & Superstitions  
Emulation & ignorance on the  
other. Now in this Centennial  
year <sup>of our National existence</sup> I believe it a good time  
to begin the work of <sup>strengthening</sup> ~~preparing~~  
<sup>foundation of the house</sup> ~~the house~~ <sup>commenced</sup> ~~to stand~~ <sup>erected</sup> which  
<sup>do</sup> <sup>see</sup> by our patriotic forefathers born

Mr. Clarkson says, "the newspapers carried it all over the globe the next day, and it attracted attention and commanded admiration throughout the world."

In this connection it should be said that the speech, as reported and telegraphed to the country, though substantially the same as the manuscript, was far enough from the text to provoke much discussion which would have been avoided had copies of the text been given the press in advance, as is the better custom of to-day.

We are under obligations to the Hon. Charles Aldrich, Curator of Iowa's Historical Department, for the privilege of using one of the nine facsimile plates of Grant's Des Moines speech.\*

\* \* \*

THE pithiest comment we have seen on the verdict against Zola is this, from the *Chicago News*: "M. Zola was found guilty of trying to introduce testimony into a French lawsuit." Had the accused been less self-conscious during his trial,—if, indeed, we may call the *ex-parte* proceedings in his case a trial,—had he posed less and exclaimed less about his place in history,—the name of Emile Zola would, even in the hour of his greatest humiliation, have been accorded high place among the real Immortals of his time. But as it is, he deserves the praise he too frantically seeks,—that which belongs to a man who risks his reputation and his life for his cause.

\* \* \*

DANA is dead, and so is Rosecrans, and dead are nearly all the actors in the drama of war which Dana's *Reminiscences* in *McClure's* describe. Pausing a moment over the open grave of General Rosecrans, we would, if we could, shut out all memory of the almost brutal words with which the representative of Secretary Stanton characterized the do-nothing impolicy of General Rosecrans in the presence of great opportunities in Tennessee in 1863. And yet,

\*The nine pages appeared in the October *Annals of Iowa*, Charles Aldrich, editor.

notwithstanding the General's several long and laborious defences, the consensus of opinion remains as Dana found it in the West, namely, that, though brave and patriotic, General Rosecrans was woefully inefficient as an administrative officer.

\* \* \*

THIS brings us back again to Grant at Des Moines. Mr. Clarkson, in his *Century* contribution, clears up much of the alleged "mystery" of Grant's successful career as a general. He quotes the General as saying that, while he had been greatly overpraised, "all writers had denied him, or failed to give him, credit for his work in organizing, first the Western, and next the entire Union army." And then the General added: "After it was so organized, and made up of such material as it was, it was not in fute for it to be defeated or conquered."

\* \* \*

WHO shall decide? Mr. Vizitelly, in his "Translator's Preface" to Zola's "Paris," says it is certain that Catholicism "is fast crumbling in France." "Men are perfectly free to believe if they are inclined to do so; and yet never were there fewer religious marriages, fewer baptisms or smaller congregations in the French churches." In his opinion, "as in M. Zola's, France as a whole is lost to the Christian religion"—and by the term "Christian religion," as he applies it, namely to France alone, this writer evidently means Catholicism. And now comes M. Brunetiere, the foremost literary critic of France, himself a new convert to Catholicism, and, in an address recently delivered at Besançon, he gives this equally emphatic testimony: "In whatever part of the country I have gone, I have discovered that Catholicism is France, and France is Catholicism. This I have often heard people say, and I was ready enough to believe it. I have found that, apart from all party spirit, and solely in the interest of the greatness of the French name, all Frenchmen are as convinced of this as I am."

THE poetry of a busy people is fragmentary, one poem conveying chiefly scarcely more than a single shade of thought, fancy or suggestion. Our most popular books of poetry are made up of fugitive verse, caught and bound after their long wanderings through the press. Longfellow and Whittier, and a host of minor singers, attained much of their popularity through the partiality of the country editor for their verse. The upper left-hand corner of the last page of the old-time home-printed country weekly was to many the most attractive part of the paper. Many time-yellowed and time-worn scrap-books are still treasured in our homes; and their owners can tell you, from a glance at the print, the newspapers from which were scissored the poems they contain. Many volumes of our most popular American poets have been sold; but there are many of us who are not ashamed to admit that we knew "by heart" our favorite passages from Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Lowell and the rest long before we became owners of their complete works. And even now, when any of the more familiar lines from the poets are recalled, the type in which we first found them, with the place on the scrap-book page to which we then assigned them, comes back to us as vividly as does the verse itself.

The fugitive verse of the period has a somewhat different character. It comes to magazine-takers direct. Much of it is "faultily faultless" in rhyme and rhythm, but "dead perfection—no more." Most of it lacks the heart touch or the appeal to the imagination which compelled the readers of an earlier day to commit stanzas and whole poems to memory. Much of our magazine verse takes the form of the sonnet, time-honored and stately. But, while the sonnet has an indescribable hold upon the mind, few of us can accurately repeat even our best-loved sonnet from memory. The poetry in the newspapers of the period includes many

poems that are good, but more that are valuable chiefly as space-fillers. The country newspaper reader of to-day is dependent for his poetry not on the selection of the editor, but upon the long, sharp, regardless scissors of clever young men or women employed in the "patent in'ards" establishments in our large cities; and they in turn depend largely upon the advance sheets of the leading magazines, which in turn are made up by highly-trained scissorers employed for such hack-work, their business purpose being to stimulate an appetite by distribution of samples. But, notwithstanding the difficulties in the way of getting at the best poetry of the period, there is infinitely more poetry read and enjoyed than most book publishers and magazine makers ever dream. No general periodical, from the great world-including journal to the six-column folio weekly, from the free advertising medium in magazine form to the greatest of our monthlies, could live long in the land were it to wholly ignore verse.

## GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Mrs. M. C. Faville, of Norfolk, Va., has been adjudged the winner of the Original Story Prize in our January competition. Her story, "The Magic Mirror," will appear in our May number.

Judge Emerson, author of *THE MIDLAND* life of Grant in the West, has presented the Marvin Collegiate Institute, of Fredericktown, Mo., a valuable contribution of medallions and busts.

Almost before her friends are aware of it Octave Thanet has made a complete change of base from "Arkansaw" to Illinois and Iowa, from Southern country life to Northern city life, and from situations developing from our blundering experiments with reconstruction to situations growing out of the strained relations between labor and capital, between employers and the employed. And in this new and extremely difficult field, this ever increasingly strong writer is steadily gaining the mastery. Nothing Octave Thanet has yet developed from the labor world has surpassed "The Mount of Clear Vision," by this author, in *Scribner's* for March. It would have

been "as easy as lying" to have written the story of a strike in the spirit of a doctrinaire or of a partisan. But the breadth and depth of the author's mind is shown in the human sympathy with which one reared in the school of capital has put herself in the place of the rival leaders of the strikers in their attempt to apply heroic treatment to a complicated case. The picture of the old engineer and his wife in their home is a delightful setting to the otherwise somber last scene.

#### AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The most remarkable chapter in Mr. Wyckoff's remarkable story of personal experiences in the Army of the Unemployed is that, in the *March Scribner*, describing the writer's adventures as a hobo in Chicago. Mr. Wyckoff writes with all the intensity of a real victim of the aggregate man's conscious and unconscious inhumanity to man. His haunting tale is full of suggestion. But all the while we are reading it we find ourselves questioning the moral right of a man of ability to earn a livelihood to thus take upon himself the woes of a tramp; to voluntarily subject himself to the humiliation of receiving alms—even from the street-walker; of putting himself in the way of abuse and insult and personal indignities, when he might bring the miserable experience to an end at any time by going to one of his own kind and making himself known. Has a man a right to thus live a lie that good may come of the tale of woe he purposes to tell? Has a man the right to thus defile the temple of God, and to thus subject his body to unholy uses—or, rather, misuses? Is such service "a reasonable service"? Clark, the hobo, the street-walker and the inmates of the dives and of the station-house were in one respect above the writer of this tale: they were just what they seemed to be, while he was living a lie. With such men as Riis and Stead and Graham Taylor to tell us of life among the wretched in our great cities, was

Mr. Wyckoff's false misery necessary? Was it justifiable? We are not intensely wrought up over the question; we simply want to know, you know. Meanwhile we wait the next installment of "The Workers" with keenest interest.

Hon. Charles A. Towne, of Minneapolis, chairman of the National Committee of the "Silver Republican Party," (and the brainiest man in the whole 16 to 1 propaganda,) concludes, in the *March Arena*, that the vanquished won the real victory at the last presidential election. How happily constituted is man! He may be disfigured, knocked down and dragged out, but something within him administers the swift-healing consolation that out of the very conditions of his present defeat must come future victory. Mr. Towne smilingly recalls the victory-bringing defeat of the Romans at Heraclea, and the consolation administered by Peter the Great to his routed army fleeing before Charles XII, namely, that the victorious Swede was but teaching them how to conquer him.

Readers of the *Overland* will feel a sense of relief in that they are to be confronted no longer with blood-red and egg-yolk-yellow abominations on the cover. Another innovation by the *Overland's* new editor is a department entitled "The Whispering Gallery," contributed by Rossiter Johnson. It is similar in kind to the contributions of a former editor of the *Overland*, an attempt to do what Oliver Wendell Holmes did so well—to put upon paper the literary small-talk that sounds so well when actually inspired by the occasion, but which ordinarily becomes "stale, flat and unprofitable" when put upon paper in colloquial style. That Mr. Johnson is a man of large ability cannot be questioned, but that he is able to make his Whispering Gallery a feature to which readers of the *Overland* will turn, is a question which his contributions down to date are far from settling.

## THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

#### THE POETRY OF THE YEAR.

Not as the ordinary publication of the verses of a leading American poet should Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman's *Poems Now First Collected*\* be received by the English and American people, but as the work of one who has partly sacrificed his own fame

as a poet in order to increase the fame of his poet contemporaries. Beginning with the Victorian Poets, published by Osgood & Co. in 1875, and ending with the *American Anthology*\* (now in press), how long the list of critical works, and how impossible to estimate the debt of the nineteenth century to Mr. Stedman for preaching to his generation, without surcease, the gospel of modern poetry!

\* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



But what may be said of his book of lyric verse, *Poems Now First Collected*?

"Has the poet been slain by the critic?" I have a theory that no true poet ever loses one draught of poetical inspiration by association with the world or by criticisms poetical and historical. Chaucer was a courtier and an ambassador; Milton spent many years of his life as Latin secretary to Cromwell, and in the composition of prose works which did much to increase the strength and dignity of English prose; Matthew Arnold's nights and days were given to teaching "the best that is known and thought in the world." And it is only within the last five years that critics are acknowledging the fact that Matthew Arnold's poetry was written in advance of his time.

To appreciate Mr. Stedman's *Poems Now First Collected* (a very unhappy title by the way) one must understand that these collected verses are written for several types of readers. Those under the head of "Various Poems" are such as will appeal to women; "Other Songs and Ballads" might be styled, not unfitly, poems for men; those on "The Carib Sea" are really echoes from the equatorial races of America, so fully do they reflect the life of that region. But the reader may easily discover for himself the strength and exquisite workmanship in "The Hand of Lincoln," "Hebe," "Provencal Lovers," "The Dutch Patrol," and "Fern-Land." It is the two elegies on "The Death of Bryant" and "Ariel" (a poem in commemoration of Shelley's cyclic year) which need a little introduction, since they were written for scholars.

Long ago, Bion, a Greek pastoral poet of Smyrna, emigrated to Sicily, where he was basely poisoned. One of his great poems was a "Hymn to Adonis." Taking this hymn for his model, Moschus wrote a lament or epitaph for Bion. This lament was echoed by Milton in "Lycidas," by Shelley in "Adonais," and by Matthew Arnold in "Thyrsis." In "The Death of Bryant" Mr. Stedman has not wholly departed from the accepted form of an elegiac poem; but, inasmuch as the great pastoral-elegiac poems were laments for young poets snatched away before their songs were completed, Stedman has contrasted Bryant, "the minstrel old," with Bion, Keats and Clough, as follows:

"But not as for those youths dead ere their prime,

New-entered on their music's high domain,  
Then snatched away, did all things sorrow  
own."

No utterance now like that sad sweetest tone  
When Bion died, and the Sicilian rhyme  
Bewailed; no sobbing of the reeds that  
plain

Rehearsing some last moan  
Of Lycidas, no strains which skyward swell  
For Adonais still, and still for Asphodel!

This was not Thyrsis! no, the minstrel lone  
And reverend, the woodland singer hoar,  
Who was dear Nature's nursing, and the  
priest  
Whom most she loved; nor had his office  
ceased

But for her mandate: 'Seek again thine own,  
The walks of men shall draw thy steps no  
more.'

Softly, as from a feast  
The guest departs that hears a low recall,  
He went, and left behind his harp and coral."

"The Death of Bryant" is written in that "calm, meditative tone first introduced into English poetry by Milton," but "Ariel" is more modern, reminding one in its elusive grace and subtlety of impression, not only

of Shelley, but of Gérard de Nerval and Mallarmé. After proclaiming Shelley to be "the poet's poet," Stedman thus addresses the "boy divine":

"The slaves of air and light obeyed afar  
Thy summons, Ariel; their elf-horns  
wound  
Strange notes which all uncatchable are  
Of broken sound.  
That music thou alone couldst rightly hear  
(O rare impressionist!)  
And mimic. Therefore still we list  
To its ethereal fall in this thy cyclic year.

Oh, the swift wind, the unrelenting sea!  
They loved thee, yet they lured thee un-  
aware  
To be their spoil, lest alien skies to thee  
Should seem more fair;  
They had their will of thee, yet aye forlorn  
Mourned the lithe soul's escape,  
And gave the strand thy mortal shape  
To be resolved in flame whereof its life was  
born."

Quite a different poet is Mr. John Vance Cheney, librarian Newberry Library, Chicago. His poems entitled *Out of the Silence* teach the "gospel of the ground" rather than the gospel of modern song. The winds, the swallows, the tree-crickets and the "incommunicable trees" have imparted to him some of their secrets. In his poetry there is something joyously elemental. He loves best the Hebrew poets and the old creeds. He has humorously stated his beliefs as follows:

"A poet of old Colophon  
A notion held I think was right,  
No matter how or whence he got it:  
The stars are snuffed out every dawn,  
And newly lighted every night.  
I hope to catch the angels at it.

The old sweet faith we hold it ever,—  
Beauty and song shall perish never,  
The old sweet faith we hold it fast,  
Earth shall be theirs at last, at last."

It happened, while I was searching for the clue to Mr. Stedman's poems, that I read Mr. Stedman's "Fern-Land," Mr. Cheney's "Calm" and "The Skillful Listener," and Gérard de Nerval's "*Vers Dorés*" at the same sitting. The different manner in which these three poets treat the same idea is very interesting. Mr. Stedman's lines are:

"Would you had the fine, fine ear  
The dragonfly's recall to hear,—  
Tiny words  
Of the vibrant humming birds."

Mr. Cheney's lines go down farther into "the deep of nature's thought," and read thus:

"The skillful listener, he, methinks, may hear  
The grass blades clash in sunny field to-  
ge her.

The roses kissing, and the lily, whether  
It joy or sorrow in the summer's ear,  
The jewel dew-bells of the mead ring clear  
When morning lightly moves them in June  
weather.

The flocked hours flitting by on stealthy  
feather,

The last leaves' fall at waning of the year,  
Haply, from these we catch a passing sound,  
(The best of vertiges, perchance, but seem)  
We overhear close Nature on her round,  
When least she thinks it; bird and bough and  
stream

Not only, but her silences profound,  
Surprised by softer foothall of our dream."

Copeland & Day



Gérard de Nerval's work is wrought

"In that tideless under-deep  
Fathoms below the little reach of sleep."

The line "Crains dans le mur aveugle, un regard qui t'épie!" "Fear, in the blind wall, a look which spies thee," seems to go far across the zero line into the irresponsible land of nowhere.

"Homme, libre penseur! te crois-tu seul pensant

Dans ce monde où la vie éclate en toute chose?

Des forces que tu tiens ta liberté dispose,  
Mais de tous tes conseils l'univers est absent.

Respecte dans la bête un esprit agissant  
Chaque fleur est une âme à la Nature éclose  
Un mystère d'amour dans le métal repose;  
'Tout est sensible!' Et tout sur ton être est puissant.

Crains dans le mur aveugle, un regard qui t'épie!

A la manière même un verbe est attaché . . .  
Ne la fais pas servir à quelque usage impie!  
Souvent dans l'être obscur habite un Dieu caché;

Et comme un oeil naissant couvert par ses paupières

Un pur esprit s'accroît sous l'écorce des pierres!"

Mr. Cheney has attempted some new experiments in "The Mad Piper," "Poet and Play," and "King Winter." His characterization of Washington is masterly, and two lines from "The Fallen,"

"Say, for the brave  
There is no grave."

contain the pith of a noble ode.

"Ere Yet 'Tis May" and the Sonnets of the Months are as virile as the verses of the English poet, Mr. John Davidson. If space permitted I would like to compare some passages of Mr. Davidson's "St. Swithin's Day" with "Eden is Now" or "The Passing of Autumn," all of these poems being marvelous descriptions of the outer air.

Mr. Cheney is also well known as an essayist. His essay on "Who Are the Great Poets" should be read in connection with his poem "The Poets of Old Israel."

"They asked not of the barren sands,  
They questioned not that stretch of death;  
But upward from the humble tent  
They took the stairway of the hills;  
Upward they clomb, bold in their trust,  
To pluck the glory of the stars."

MARY J. REID.

"The Trumpeters and Other Poems," is an attractive little book of verse written by Andrew Downing, a Kansas poet, now a resident of Washington, D. C. It includes about eighty short poems, not a few of which have the suggestion and swing of poetry. We find the longer and most pretentious poems, as a rule, the least poetical. The longest, "The Poet," which fills six pages, is as commonplace as Cowper's "Table Talk." The title poem well pictures the winds of March as trumpeters that

Herald to the waiting earth  
The Spring and all her train.

Gretchen's Baby is a bit of heart verse which readers of Home Themes

in this magazine will recall. Beyond the Sunset Hills is a pretty setting to the old picture which the mind will ever draw, of "a diviner land," to which "our toil-worn feet" shall pass when "we quiet life's joys and ills." The Rose of the Prairie is a pathetic tribute to a child, whose kinship with the birds and flowers was complete. Here is a suggestion of the verse:

The violet peeping  
Up through the plumed grasses, beheld  
with surprise  
Its purple-tinged azure so dreamily sleeping  
Far in the clear depths of her beautiful eyes.

A work of rare value to the student of the drama is Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearian Drama,\* with introduction notes and glossary, by John Matthews Manley, professor of the English language in Brown University. A preliminary section in Volume I is devoted to Liturgical Texts illustrating the early development of the drama within the Church. These are: two Easter Dramatic Tropes from English MSS. of the Tenth century, an Easter Dramatic Office from a Dublin Processional of the Fourteenth century, and a Fifteenth century MS. prepared for the use of an actor who appeared in three vernacular Liturgical Plays. Part I is devoted to the Scripture cycles, and pageants are given illustrating all important phases of the subject.

A beautifully printed "Little Book of Lullabies" by James B. Kenyon issues from the printing house of Foote, Bailey & Sackett, Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Kenyon is author of the exquisite poem in this number entitled *Ad Vesperam*. There is nothing in the title of the book to suggest this poem, but there is rhyme, rhythm and that rare thought of the full-grown man which is like the thought and fancies of a child yet not the thing itself; but, rather, the honest intent of the man to again think as a child. In this respect it is like much of Eugene Fields best verse, which appeals to those who have children more than to the children themselves.

RECEIVED.

France, by John Edward Courtenay Bodley; 2 vols., \$4. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Paris, by Emile Zola; 2 vols., \$2. The Macmillan Company, New York.

\* Glinn & Co., Boston, Vol. 1, \$1.2

## PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

"Barbara's Escapade," by GERTRUDE B Millard, of San Jose, Cal., is booked for the May MIDLAND.

Miss Mary S. Kirkup, whose prose and poetry adorn this number, will contribute a poem for the May MIDLAND, illustrated by herself.

Miss Mary S. Kirkup, author of "Israel and the Dutch Painters," and of the Eastern poem, "The Way of the Palms," in this number, has returned to her home in Fort Dodge, after an extended residence abroad. Miss Kirkup is an artist of rare powers and large attainments. She is also a poet, an art critic and an accomplished instructor in art. Her stay abroad was for the purpose of making a personal study of the French, Dutch and Italian schools of art. Another illustrated poem from Miss Kirkup will be published in the May MIDLAND.

A story of military life in Spain, entitled "A Midnight Warning," will appear in the May MIDLAND, from the pen of F. F. O'Brien, a Minnesota writer of promise.

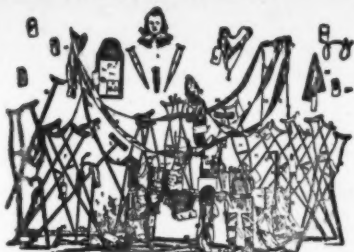
The "Interlaken" is the name of a private sanitarium located at La Porte, Ind. It offers every advantage of a quiet home under careful medical supervision for chronic invalids or those needing change and rest. La Porte and Des Moines references.

The May number will include a very interesting and well illustrated installment of "Grant's Life in the West." The story is nearing the famous Henry and Donelson campaign, and will be speedily followed by the Corinth campaign—all of which will prove intensely interesting to thousands in the Middle-West.

The tourist and traveler appreciates nothing more than a convenient and substantial trunk when traveling at home or abroad. This is especially true of ladies. The Stallman Dresser Trunk, advertised in this number, meets the demand exactly. Write for catalogue and price list.

The 1898 catalogue of the Storrs & Harrison Company, the noted nurserymen, florists and seedsmen, of Painesville, Ohio, is received and we advise everyone wanting anything in their line to send for it; it is free. This company has built up an immense business. Their responsibility is unquestioned, their facilities unsurpassed and their forty-three years of practical experience has superbly fitted them to care for the wants of the people in everything pertaining to their lines.

Please mention THE MIDLAND when writing advertisers.



NO LONGER NEEDED.

## The Above Collection of Crutches,

Braces, Canes and various other appliances left Dr. J. S. Caster by patients who were cured by

## MAGNETISM

after other remedies had failed. If you have tried everything else, write for testimonials furnished by prominent people, both of Burlington and elsewhere.

Address

DR. J. S. CASTER, Burlington, Iowa.

"Separate Books for Ladies."

Lovers of animals, especially the Shetland pony, should, if possible, visit the "pony farm" owned and operated by Mr. J. Murray Hoag, near Maquoketa, Iowa. This farm is the home of over 300 of these handsome little fellows—all sizes and colors. If you cannot visit the farm, write to Mr. Hoag for his illustrated catalogue.

The osteopathic treatment of diseases of all kinds appears to be making rapid progress. People everywhere are investigating it and laws have been and are being enacted to regulate its practice. Numerous osteopathic colleges and institutes have been founded, all of which, we are informed, are teaching osteopathy only. To meet the growing demand for physicians who are not only thoroughly educated in osteopathy, but have a knowledge of surgery and medicine as well, the Illinois College of Osteopathy, Surgery and Medicine has been established, with offices at 506 and 507 No. 167 Dearborn street, Chicago. In its equipment, teachers and location, this institution is unexcelled. It starts out under most favorable circumstances and promises to attain the high rank that its founders merit.

Your publication is very clever, and way above the average.—G. Y. Burns, Omaha, Neb.

No. 3.

COUPON.

MIDLAND.

JAMES A. GUEST, BURLINGTON, IOWA:

The following party contemplates the purchase of a piano or organ, state which.....

Name..... Address.....

If the above party purchases an instrument from you, you are to mail me, free of charge for one year, my choice of either the Ladies' Home Journal, Munsey's or McClure's Magazine, or the Midland Monthly.

(Sign here).....

Address.....

Do you contempla'e the purchase of a piano or organ? Ans. ....

LEYDA & CO.



ESTIMATES  
FURNISHED.

Artistic Granite and Marble Monuments. First-class work only.  
BURLINGTON, IOWA.

## Just What You Want, Ladies!

### Baughman's Adjustable Tailor System

provides a large sized Lesson Sheet giving you the position of the two hands as they appear in setting the machine. Every movement indicated, as to order, and name. No drafting. No calculating. It divides the garment according to the form. Always follows fashion. AGENTS WANTED.

Address

J. S. BAUGHMAN,

523 Division Street, BURLINGTON, IOWA.

### Publisher's Notes—Continued.

An advertiser writes: "I have received a copy of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY containing our three advertisements and am pleased with the position which you have given us, and certainly I am pleased with the results which these advertisements have already brought us this soon after their appearance."

Like magazine very much.—Mrs. W. L. Collins, Frankfort, Ky.

With all good wishes for THE MIDLAND's new year.—Ida M. Strowbridge, Humboldt, Nev.

Am much pleased with MIDLAND.—Scott W. Linn, Byron, Ill.

Please send it to my address. We enjoy it so much.—Ruth Gabrielson, Salem, Ore.

Admire your magazine sincerely.—F. H. Glenerne, Boston, Mass.

I see THE MIDLAND in the library of the Indianapolis association, and am pleased to note its constant improvement.—M. A. Hollabaugh, Assistant State Secretary Indiana Y. M. C. A.

Please mention THE MIDLAND when writing advertisers.

THE MIDLAND has a host of friends in Denver.—Barton O. Aylesworth, Pastor Central Presbyterian church, Denver, Col.

That interesting magazine, THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.—The Critic, New York, February 5th.

I prize your magazine above all others that come to my home.—Col. John F. Hill, Phoenix, Ariz.

We wish to preserve the full set of Grant's Life, what we consider of great value.—W. S. Ayers, Eureka, Cal.

Your Grant articles are to me the most interesting I have ever read of that grand hero.—M. W. Brewer, Howell, Mich.

Allow me to congratulate you upon the success you are making of this magazine. I read it with interest, and I heard a gentlemen of culture say the other day in Chicago that the matter you have been publishing on Grant was the best that had ever been written anywhere concerning him.—Hon. W. H. Foster, Geneseo, Ill.



